SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887. NUMBER 46.

Poetry.

ONLY A WOMAN, AFTER ALL.

"She is a woman, therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

I met her at a country place,
Where she was spending her vacation,
And much admired her form and face,
Likewise her sparkling conversation.
She was a Boston girl, but wore
Nor spectacles nor goggle glasses,
Though she of learning had a store
As rich as other Boston lasses.

The maiden was of beauty rare
(Tis that, not learning, that doth sway us).
And such she was fair,
Or Helen, spouse of Menelaus,
But colder than Diana far,
Who made a sinc of poor Acteon,
And distant as the farthest star
That glitters in the empyrean.

I loved her, and I think she knew
That much from my admiring glances,
For she, as we acquainted grew,
Somewhat unbent to my advances,
But when my love I would have told,
I felt a dread, a terror seize me;
I feared if I became so bold,
The maiden with a look would freeze me.

At length a firm resolve I made—
For I was bored rins on distraction—
That the proposal, long delayed,
Till nothing whilst it might be her action.
And having thus made up my mind,
That evening when alone I found her,
Before she my intent divined,
I boldly threw my arms around her.

I felt her tresses brush my face,
Their fabled, sweet perfume thrilled my senses,
I clasped her in a fond embrace,
Recklessness of the consequences;
I kissed her lips—oh, honeyed bliss!
I gave her hand a thousand squeezes,
And all she said to me was this:
"John, are you sure that no one sees us?"

MOTHER IS OLD AND IN THE WAY.

"We're growing poor, mother, terrible poor,
And you can't expect me to do no more,
The wind is cruin' with cold, and snow,
And some one, I'm thinkin' will have to go.
The threshin's done but there ain't much grain
To feed us, till harvest comes again;
The children are ragged, there's debts to pay,
The clown tucked out with the world this way.

Yes, your money's gone, but the house is small;
We've no room for company—your room; and all
That I can gather from day to day,
So now just listen, to what I say:
There's a place for people, who 're old like you
Who can't work much—and they feed it, too.
"Tis a right smart chance, and your best way
Is to pack, any be gittin' along to-day".

"Oh, children! is this the "honor due"
To a mother! who o given up *all* for you?
Of my rations you've always had your share
You'll not be cold and me—to live,—*out there*,
Now, when I'm penniless, helpless, old,
Turn you me thier out?—and the world so cold—
"Over the hills to the poor house!" No!
Do you surely mean it?—that I *must* go?

Why doesn't the sun refuse to shine;
Or right at my feet, spring a gaping mine
To bury me close, in the earth away?
Is to be the "poor house"—to live—to-day?
Where's the *father*, I wonder:—does he not see
The arrow that come so such as me?
My child has broken my heart to-day.
He has said the *worst*, that a child can say.

The poor hands grope o'er the crumbling wall
To steady her weak steps; lest she fall.
Could her child not see how the slow tears fell.
As her heart kept beating love? hone; farewell.

Out in the world, she's wondering now
That poor old mother, with whitening brow
Sitting in silence, by the fireside,
"My boy insists he gotten me: Let me go."

Away from this earthly chill and cold,
To that world, where mothers, can ne'er grow old,
There are mansions large and "rooms to spare:"
I'm looking to find my way up there.

David City, Neb. E.

Our Story Teller.

LADY PINKERTON'S JEWELS.

I was swinging comfortably on the hind legs of my chair one forenoon in my room at Scotland Yard, when a telegram which had just arrived was put into my hands, with an intimation from the chief that I was to "take up the case."

Lady Pinkerton, who arrived here this morning from London, had had her jewels stolen on the journey. Very valuable. No clew as yet. Send down competent man at once to assist local police. ALGERNON WADE, Aidan Castle, Darnley, Northumberland.

So ran the message. It did not afford much information, and it did not seem as if there was very much chance of recovering the stolen property. However, it was perhaps too soon to judge of that. I telegraphed to Sir Algernon Wade, who, as I understood, was Lady Pinkerton's host for the present, asking that a description of the missing trinkets should be sent at once; and I arranged that the description should be printed and circulated among the pawnbrokers of the metropolis and the other large towns of the country without delay. These necessary matters having been attended to, I set out for King's Cross, and was soon on my way to the North.

It was late when I arrived at my destination, but I began at once to make some inquiries. First of all I saw Lady Pinkerton herself. Her story was very soon told. The set of diamonds which had been stolen consisted of a necklace, pendant, tiara and ear-rings. The stones were very fine ones, worth, she had been told, at least £6,000. Her engagements had compelled her, she said, to travel down from London by night. Her husband being in Scotland, she was attended only by her maid, who traveled in the compartment (a second-class one) next to that in which Lady Pinkerton herself performed the journey.

Before leaving town she had given the jewel case to her maid, reminding her as she did so of the value of the gems which were entrusted to her, and charging her not to allow the box out of her sight for an instant. According to the maid's account, she had never allowed the case to be out of her sight; yet, as a matter of fact, when poor Alice Wright—that was the maid's name—came to open the jewel-case, it was empty. One or two commonplace ornaments of little value, in a drawer in the lower part of the case, had been overlooked by the thieves; but the brilliants were gone.

I could not help thinking that things looked rather black for Alice Wright, and naturally asked how long she had been in the family, and what kind of character she had brought from her last situation.

"She has been only eighteen months with me," replied Lady Pinkerton, "but she came to me with an excellent character, and I have every confidence in her. She may have contributed to the loss of the jewels by her carelessness, but I will not believe for an instant that she is guilty of helping to abstract them."

This speech pleased me and rather surprised me. It was more generous than I had expected from Lady Pinkerton, who had struck me as being a cold and self-possessed woman of the world; and I could not understand how the diamonds could have been stolen without the maid's connivance. I left Lady Pinkerton's sitting room, and asked for an interview with the girl Wright. I found her a quiet, modest-looking, and really ladylike young woman. There were traces of tears on her cheeks, and she trembled slightly, but that was only natural. I had been long enough in the police force to know that no presumption either of guilt or innocence can be inferred from such signs as these.

"Now, I'm going to ask you a few questions," I said, as the girl seated herself opposite me, "and you'll answer them or not, just as you think fit. It would be no kindness to conceal from you that a certain suspicion attaches to you in connection with this affair, and, therefore, it is my duty, to caution you. If you are innocent, I think your best plan will be to answer frankly."

The girl merely bowed her head by way of reply, and I proceeded to put my first question.

"You brought Lady Pinkerton's jewel-case with you from London?"

"I did."

"The whole way?"

"The whole way."

"When you got into the railway carriage, where did you put it?"

"On the seat of the carriage, close me. I was leaning my elbow upon it nearly all the way."

"How many people were there in the carriage?"

"A good many at first—seven, I think, when we started—but most of them left the train at Peterborough and the place we stopped at next after Peterborough."

"When you got to York, how many were in the compartment besides yourself?"

"Three—an elderly man and his wife, and one young gentleman."

"And after York?"

"The old gentleman and his wife got out at York."

"And the young gentleman?"

"He was going to Edinburgh, he said."

"So you and he traveled alone from York to Newcastle?"

"Yes; that was not my fault."

"Certainly not. By the way, what did you do with the jewel-case when you got out at York?"

"I never got out at York," answered the girl, rather sharply.

"Never got out?" I echoed.

"I never left the carriage, and I might almost say I never had my hand or my elbow off the box from the time we left London till we got to Newcastle. At Newcastle Sir Algernon's carriage met us."

I felt considerably nonplussed, but concealed my thoughts, and put my next question with an easy smile.

"As the young gentleman and you were left alone together, I suppose he performed various little acts of politeness for you?"

"He got me a cup of coffee at York," answered the girl readily.

"Do you know his name?"

"No."

"Or his business?"

"No He was quite a stranger to me."

"You talked together a good deal?"

"Yes; a good deal."

"And you told him who you were and who was in the next compartment?"

"No, indeed."

"Did you say or hint that valuables were intrusted to you?"

"Never; I am certain of it."

"After you had the coffee did you fall asleep?"

"After we left York I remember losing my eyes, but I did not fall asleep. And I had my elbow on the jewel case then."

"You dozed, then, or at least rested with your eyes shut—I am not blaming you; it was very natural on a long night journey—till you got to Newcastle?"

"No; 'till we got to Darlington."

"Did you feel very heavy and sleepy then?"

"Not more so than usual after a night journey."

"One more question. This young man—would you know him again? What was he like?"

"Tall and fair, with slight whiskers and mustache. He wore a dark grey overcoat. I should know him again in a moment."

Here my examination ended. Already I had formed a theory on the subject. Alice Wright, I fancied, was innocent. Her quiet, composed manner had impressed me in spite of myself. My believe was that the polite young gentleman was a professional thief, that he and followed Lady Pinkerton from her home in London, that he had guessed at the nature of the encumbrance which the maid's person so jealously, that the coffee he had brought her was drugged so that, instead of being in a half-doze she had been in a deep sleep between York and Darlington, and that the jewel-case had been opened with a pick-lock, robbed and closed again while she was sleeping

Next morning Lord Pinkerton arrived at the castle, and I suggested that a reward should be offered for the recovery of the diamonds or information. To my surprise the Viscount seemed unwilling to offer a substantial reward, argued that large rewards only tempted thieves to commit fresh robberies, and ended by positively refusing to offer a larger sum than £50 for the recovery of the jewels. I concluded that his Lordship was inclined to be stingy, and afterward learned that he was, in fact, a notorious miser. In his younger days he had been very extravagant, but about two years after his marriage he had come into possession of a large fortune on the death of a relative; and the effect of this good luck was that he developed, very much to Lady Pinkerton's disgust, strong miserly tendencies.

My next care was to make a rough drawing of the missing jewels from Lady Pinkerton's description. My sketch was not by any means so accurate as I could have wished, as her ladyship's description was rather vague, and evidently not to have been taken from memory. I then arranged with the local police that they should keep Alice Wright under an informal surveillance, and returned to London.

Not many days after my return to town I was informed by the Edinburgh police that they believed they had succeeded in tracing the young man who had traveled tracing the young man who had traveled in the same carriage with Alice Wright on the night of the robbery. He was staying at one of the hotels in the city, and called himself Charles Payne. The telegram added that Payne held himself up to be a medical student, and that he seemed to be on the point of returning to London. Should this prove to be the case, I must be kept on the watch, and shortly afterward I was told that he might be expected to arrive in London by a certain train. Of course he was met upon his arrival by one of my men, who followed him to his lodgings. I then telegraphed to Lady Pinkerton, and desired her to send her maid up to town in the company of a policeman in plain clothes on the following day, and I had no difficulty in arranging that Miss Wright and I should meet Charles Payne one morning as he left the room for the day.

We passed close to him, and I watched his face as we met. I had instructed the girl to bow slightly as he went by. She did so, and he raised his hat with a slight smile, throwing a glance at me as he did so. There was no doubt about his identity. I turned round, touched him on the arm, told him that I was a detective officer, and asked him to go back with me to his rooms. He did so at once, and admitted readily that he had traveled to Edinburgh on the night in question, and that from York to Newcastle he and Alice Wright had been alone together in the carriage; but he indignantly denied all knowledge of the diamonds. He furnished me with numerous references, and consented that a police-man should wait with him in his room till the references could be verified. A little shaken in my opinion by his readiness to submit to this arrangement, I called on the gentlemen he had named, and found that they all knew Charles Payne and had the highest opinion of his integrity. One or two of them, indeed, offered to become bail for him in any amount. This put a totally different complexion upon matters. Payne was certainly not a professional thief, and only a professional thief—and a very clever one, too—could have operated upon Alice Wright and the jewel case in the way which my theory supposed he had done. There was really no evidence against the young man, and I gave up the idea of placing him under arrest.

Six weeks passed, bringing no tidings of the stolen property, and I had begun to look upon the case as one of my failures, Lady Pinkerton has returned to town, and when I reported to her my inability to recover her property she seemed to have become resigned to her loss.

I happened one morning, shortly after this to be in the shop of one of those West End jewelers who are in reality "swell pawnbrokers," when the jeweler said to me:

"By the way, a pair of earrings were offered to me the other day which I might have fancied were part of Lady Pinkerton's set. I have thought of detaining the lady and sending for you."

"And why didn't you?" I interrupted al most angrily.

"Because the things were not diamonds at all—they were only paste."

"Paste! Then they can't have been Lady Pinkerton's—but are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure. They were paste, but a very good imitation."

I pondered the matter for a moment. Could the thief have taken out the stones, replaced them by imitation brilliants, and then tried to pass off the false stones as real ones by means of the setting? Possibly; but on the other hand, the setting was the very thing which any thief must have known might lead to his detection.

"Who offered you the trinkets?" I asked.

"An elderly woman—I think she was a French woman," was the answer.

"Can you give me a drawing of one of them?"

The jeweler took a pencil and a sheet of paper, and in a few minutes handed me a sketch of an earring which certainly bore a resemblance to the drawing I had made from Lady Pinkerton's description of her earrings.

I left the shop with the two sketches in my hand, feeling somewhat puzzled. On the whole I thought it was worth while to call on Lady Pinkerton and show her the drawing which the jeweler had made.

I found her ladyship at breakfast in her boudoir, attended by her maid. In a few words I explained the object of my visit, and then handed her the jeweler's sketch, asking her if she recognized it. The lady took it with the tips of her fingers, and looked at it with a supercilious air, but I could see that, in spite of her affectation of nonchalance, she was deeply interested in what I had said.

"No," she said with a careless air, as she laid the sheet of paper on the table. "There is a resemblance in shape, but that is nothing. If the earrings were paste, as you say, they could not be mine; my diamonds were not paste."

As Lady Pinkerton was speaking, her maid, Alice Wright, approached the table with a cream jug in her hand, and as she did so she glanced at the drawing, which lay directly under her eyes. A look of surprise came over the girl's face, and she seemed to be on the point of saying something. She turned away, however, without speaking, and at a sign from her mistress quietly left the room. I drew the conclusion, as certainty as if the girl had spoken, that, in her opinion, the drawing made by the jeweler nearly resembled, at least, one of the missing trinkets, and I also suspected that her mistress was desirous that the girl should keep her opinion to herself. It seemed unnecessary to me at the time to pursue the subject further. After all, there was nothing surprising in Lady Pinkerton's unwillingness to allow it to be supposed that her famous diamonds had been nothing but paste after all.

Next day, however, I thought I had better see the girl and question her, and I was on the point of setting out for Devonshire House Terrace, where Lord Pinkerton lived, when I received a telegram from the officer who had been instructed to keep a watch on Alice Wright's movements. "Alice Wright seems to be leaving for the country. Shall I follow her?" said the telegram. "Certainly, and wire address when you reach her destination," I replied.

That evening I had the address—a quiet village in one of the Midland counties, and next morning I surprised Miss Wright by presenting myself before her.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, with an anxious expression. "I know nothing about the diamonds—I don't indeed."

"I don't say you do—I don't think you do," I replied. "All I want to know is, what do you think of this drawing?" (I had the sketch I had received from a jeweler before her as I spoke.) "Is it a fair likeness of one of your mistress' earrings?"

"I don't know; it is not very like," she answered slowly.

"You thought it very like yesterday," said I.

She started. "Perhaps I thought so at first," she replied.

It was plain the girl had been told to hold her tongue.

"Why did you come down here?" I asked.

"This is my home," she answered with some heat. "My mistress gave me a month's holiday yesterday."

There was no more to be got out of her, and after telling my man that he need not devote himself to watching the girl's movements any longer, I returned to London determined to clear up the mystery if I possibly could, whether the diamonds were real or not.

After some little thought I resolved to visit every one of the diamond merchants in the metropolis. I argued that if the Frenchwoman (who, as I believed, had stolen the diamonds) had taken out the real diamonds and substituted paste ones she would hardly make a second attempt to pass them off for real ones; but if she had been ignorant of the real character of the brilliants it was more than likely that she would try to get another opinion as to their true value. With this idea in my head I visited one diamond merchant after another, till at last I found a man in a quiet street off Holborn who remembered an elderly Frenchwoman calling and showing him a pair of earrings, just about the time when the West End jeweler had the trinket offered to him.

"Was it anything like this?" I asked, producing the sketch which the jeweler had made for me.

"That is very like it, as far as I remember," was the answer. "The lady said she did not want to part with the earrings—she only wanted to know whether the stones were real or not."

As the diamond merchant was speaking the door opened, and a short, stout woman, dressed in black and wearing a thick black veil, entered the room.

The jeweler threw me a glance as he went forward to meet the stranger.

"You were so very kind," she began, speaking with a slight French accent, "as to give me an opinion about my trinket a short time ago. Will you be so good as to tell me whether these stones are real?" As she spoke she laid a cross of brilliants on the table. I just glanced at it. It corresponded exactly to the description I had had of Lady Pinkerton's diamond pendant. The diamond merchant took up the cross. "They are very fine stone," said he, after a moment's glance at the ornament. "I never saw better imitations, but not one of these stones is real."

The lady seemed greatly disappointed. She thanked the jeweler and left the shop. Of course I followed her home, and arrested her on her own doorsteps. She was, I found, Mme. Brancilleau, a fashionable dressmaker. In one of her boxes I found a whole set of diamond ornaments—necklace, pendant, tiara and earrings, complete.

Madame Brancilleau burst into tears and loudly protested her innocence, but refused to give any account of the jewels until she was convinced that we meant to take her to the police station. Then the whole story came out. The ornaments had been given her by Lady Pinkerton herself! Her ladyship had found it impossible to array herself as became a woman of fashion upon the very slender allowance which she had received from her husband for that purpose, and had run up a tremendous bill at Madame Brancilleau's The dressmaker, who had lost money in some foolish investments she had made, pressed the lady for payment. She dared not let her husband know of her extravagance, and, as she did not believe that he would pay her debts, there was little use in applying to him. At last, on the very day of her starting for Northumberland, she gave the jewels to the dressmaker in payment of her debt, the Frenenwoman undertaking to dispose of the stones separately. Thus the trinkets had never been in the jewel case at all, and Lady Pinkerton gave out that she had been robbed in order to account to her husband and the world for the loss of her diamonds.

Lady Pinkerton was astounded to hear that her magnificent diamonds were nothing but paste; and, after some trouble, she had persuaded madame to submit the pendant to an expert for examination. That, at least, she thought, might be real.

On hearing this story, I took the Frenchwoman and the false diamonds straight to Lord Pinkerton's house. His Lordship and Lady Pinkerton were together.

I expected a scene; but the lady was equal to the occasion. She went straight to the heart of the matter.

"John," she said, speaking to her husband, "you must have sold my diamonds and had paste put in their place soon after we were married. [Lord Pinkerton started, blushed violently, and said nothing.] You really ought to have mentioned it, and then all this fuss would have been saved. I think the best thing you can do now is to pay this good woman's bill and give poor Wright a check for £50, as some compensation for the trouble we have been the means of causing her. Oh, yes, I insist on it. Don't go, madame, and Lord Pinkerton will write you a check."

Of course Lord Pinkerton could not afford to let the story get abroad, so (after a severe inward struggle) he did as he was told. Shortly afterward Lady Pinkerton blazed forth in a splendid set of rubies, which, she said, her husband had been so kind as to give her in lieu of her lost diamonds.

As for me I got my £50 and was satisfied. I understand now why His Lordship had been so unwilling to offer a large reward for the recovery of his wife's diamonds.

Humor.

MASONIC RESPONSIBILITIES.

A Nice Old Lady Inquires About Her Husband's.

The middle-aged lady with the black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl and a cheap bonnet, and her hands all puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few days ago and took a chair. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue checkered apron, and when the Mason looked at her with an interested, brotherly look as though she was troubled, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked.

"Have you taken the whole 233 degrees of Masonry?"

The man assured her that there were only 33 degrees, and that he had only taken 32. The other degree could only be taken by a few who were recommended by the grand body. The lady studied a minute, unpinned the safety pin that fastened her shawl together and put it in her mouth, drew a breath, and said:

"Where does my husband get the 200 degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got 200 degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to sit up with a corpse three nights in a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "Do you keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to sit up with the other three nights?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance. When a Mason took sick away from home, or when his family desired it, the brethren were only too glad to sit up with him; but there were so many Masons and so few sick that it was only once in two or three months that a brother was called upon to sit up with anybody. "But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked the fringe off her shawl, hung her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people ever since, and he comes home at all hours of the night, smelling of beer and cheese. I thought at first the cheese was the result of going to the morgue to help carry brother Masons home after they had been found in the river. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken 233 degrees, including the Grand Sky Fugle degree, which he took the night he came with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin.

"Madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry; your husband has lied to you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugle degree and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken, I should think, about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter; but he said when a man once got started he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. One time I wanted a new hat to wear to church with a feather on, and he said feathers were all out of style, and the next day he brought home a leather case with a felt coal-scuttle in it and a feather on it that couldn't have cost less than $10, the way I figure millinery. And when he put it on and I laughed at his ridiculous appearance, he began to throw his arms around, and I asked him what was the matter, and he said he was the grand hailing sign of distress, and if I didn't look out an avenger would appear from a dark closet and run a toad sticker through me for a scoffer. He must have spent a fortune on the last 150 degrees.

"One morning he came home with his coat tails split right up the back, and his pants torn, his nose bit off, a dog had chewed them and one eye closed up and a wad of hair pulled right out of his head and he said he had been taken the 200th degree, but he wouldn't tell how it happened because it was a dead secret. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him early in the morning, and they take about an hour's rush, and they act full as they stand on the steps and talk about pat hands and 'raising em out' and 'calling' and 'bob tail flush.' One night when he was asleep, I heard him whisper, 'I raise you $10,' and when asked him what it meant he said they had been raising a purse to help some fashionable dressmaker. In one of her boxes I found a whole set of diamond ornaments—necklace, pendant, tiara and earrings, complete.

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people ever since, and he comes home at all hours of the night, smelling of beer and cheese. I thought at first the cheese was the result of going to the morgue to help carry brother Masons home after they had been found in the river. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken 233 degrees, including the Grand Sky Fugle degree, which he took the night he came with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin.

"Madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry; your husband has lied to you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugle degree and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken, I should think, about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter; but he said when a man once got started he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. One time I wanted a new hat to wear to church with a feather on, and he said feathers were all out of style, and the next day he brought home a leather case with a felt coal-scuttle in it and a feather on it that couldn't have cost less than $10, the way I figure millinery. And when he put it on and I laughed at his ridiculous appearance, he began to throw his arms around, and I asked him what was the matter, and he said he was the grand hailing sign of distress, and if I didn't look out an avenger would appear from a dark closet and run a toad sticker through me for a scoffer. He must have spent a fortune on the last 150 degrees.

"One morning he came home with his coat tails split right up the back, and his pants torn, his nose bit off, a dog had chewed them and one eye closed up and a wad of hair pulled right out of his head and he said he had been taken the 200th degree, but he wouldn't tell how it happened because it was a dead secret. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him early in the morning, and they take about an hour's rush, and they act full as they stand on the steps and talk about pat hands and 'raising em out' and 'calling' and 'bob tail flush.' One night when he was asleep, I heard him whisper, 'I raise you $10,' and when asked him what it meant he said they had been raising a purse to help some fashionable dressmaker. In one of her boxes I found a whole set of diamond ornaments—necklace, pendant, tiara and earrings, complete.

Madame Brancilleau burst into tears and loudly protested her innocence, but refused to give any account of the jewels until she was convinced that we meant to take her to the police station. Then the whole story came out. The ornaments had been given her by Lady Pinkerton herself! Her ladyship had found it impossible to array herself as became a woman of fashion upon the very slender allowance which she had received from her husband for that purpose, and had run up a tremendous bill at Madame Brancilleau's The dressmaker, who had lost money in some foolish investments she had made, pressed the lady for payment. She dared not let her husband know of her extravagance, and, as she did not believe that he would pay her debts, there was little use in applying to him. At last, on the very day of her starting for Northumberland, she gave the jewels to the dressmaker in payment of her debt, the Frenenwoman undertaking to dispose of the stones separately. Thus the trinkets had never been in the jewel case at all, and Lady Pinkerton gave out that she had been robbed in order to account to her husband and the world for the loss of her diamonds.

Lady Pinkerton was astounded to hear that her magnificent diamonds were nothing but paste; and, after some trouble, she had persuaded madame to submit the pendant to an expert for examination. That, at least, she thought, might be real.

On hearing this story, I took the Frenchwoman and the false diamonds straight to Lord Pinkerton's house. His Lordship and Lady Pinkerton were together.

I expected a scene; but the lady was equal to the occasion. She went straight to the heart of the matter.

"John," she said, speaking to her husband, "you must have sold my diamonds and had paste put in their place soon after we were married. [Lord Pinkerton started, blushed violently, and said nothing.] You really ought to have mentioned it, and then all this fuss would have been saved. I think the best thing you can do now is to pay this good woman's bill and give poor Wright a check for £50, as some compensation for the trouble we have been the means of causing her. Oh, yes, I insist on it. Don't go, madame, and Lord Pinkerton will write you a check."

Of course Lord Pinkerton could not afford to let the story get abroad, so (after a severe inward struggle) he did as he was told. Shortly afterward Lady Pinkerton blazed forth in a splendid set of rubies, which, she said, her husband had been so kind as to give her in lieu of her lost diamonds.

As for me I got my £50 and was satisfied. I understand now why His Lordship had been so unwilling to offer a large reward for the recovery of his wife's diamonds.

Power of Great Waves.

The power of the waves in a storm was shown recently at Bishop Rock, Eng., when an iron column 23 feet long and weighing 6,000 pounds, a part of a new lighthouse being built, which during a storm had been left lashed by a half inch chain at each end to a strong eyebold, was found tossed up by the waves 20 feet to the top of the rock, swaying about like a piece of timber. An anvil weighing 150 pounds, which was left in a hole three and a half feet deep and only two in diameter, was washed completely out of it.

Wasted Sweetness.

Miss Clara—"And so your engagement with Mr. Featherly is at an end, Ethel?"

Miss Ethel—"Yes, for evermore."

Miss Clara—"Will you return the presents he gave you?"

Miss Ethel—"No, I can not do that. He never gave me anything but caramels and ice cream."

The Sunday Movement.

Dumley (Sunday evening)—Hello, Featherly, which way?

Featherly (in haste)—Don't detain me, old man; I'm going to church, and it's nearly eight o'clock now.

Dumley (astonished)—Wha-a-at! You going to church? What do you expect to do there?

Featherly—Help a pretty little eighteen-year-old girl hold up a hymn book. Ta-ta, Dumley.

Won the Old Man's Heart.

"I love your daughter, sir, and ask your consent to win her if I can."

"I am sorry, but"—began the old man, when he was hastily interrupted.

"And I would like to arrange to press my suit, sir, in the afternoons instead of evenings, until gas becomes a little cheaper."

Then the old man bade him God speed.—*The Epoch.*

"UNCLE JOHN'S" ARGUMENT.

His Own Medicine Could Cure Him, but He Was Not Anxious to Live Forever.

In the village of O——, in Central New York, lives a sharp-tongued old bachelor whom I have known for 25 years as "Uncle John." He is something of a character about town, and not destitute of Yankee wit an shrewdness. He used to make and vend in an amateurish way a certain cough mixture, the merits of which he preached to his friends with great enthusiasm, warranting it to cure any cold in 24 hours, "or no pay." One of his old friends, whom we will call Ike, being afflicted with a severe coughing cold, Uncle John used his best efforts in argument, persuasion, and finally vehement and profane scolding to get him to try the remedy. But Ike could not be induced to "chance it." Not long after this Uncle John caught a hard cold himself, which was accompanied by a most distressing cough that shook his poor old frame unmercifully. He did not, however, prepare his coming down town and "settin'," as he called it, in Ike's market. The cold hung on for a week or more, and the cough had grown no better. Finally one day Ike resolved to brave Uncle John's sharp tongue, and tease him a little about his failure to rid himself of the cold, and the following dialogue ensued. You are to understand that Uncle John's replies were interrupted with violent coughing.

"John?"

"What yer want?"

"Got a bad cold, 'ain't ye?"

"Yes; got the wust ever had'n my life."

"Hangs on pretty bad, don't it?"

"Yes; beats all h—l."

Hesitatingly, "Why don't you try some o' y'r cough med'cine you wanted ter sell me?"

"I thought mebbe y' was fool 'nough ter ask that question; d'yer s'pose I want ter live forever?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

"SHES A-L-L R-I-G-H-T."

Dear James's Sudden Fondness for His Mother-in-Law.

She—James, I am willing to become your wife, but I wish it to be distinctly understood that, if I marry you, mother is to make her home with us.

He—Live with us always?

She—Undoubtedly, James. I cannot desert her. She was all the friend I had until met you. She must come to live with us.

He—Well, er——

She—But she will not be a burden upon us, James. She has about $7,000 a year from the dividends on her shares in the Old Colony.

He—And you want her to live with us when we are married?

She—I do, James.

He—Certainly, my darling. Seven thousand dollars a year from dividends! Gracious! Sadie, she shall live with us. She shall be respected and admired by her son-in-law. Sadie, I always admired your mother. She is one of the noblest, one of the most kindly and affectionate women I ever saw.

She—Then that is settled, James?

He—Settled, Sadie, you bet! She shall come and live with us the moment we are married.

She—Oh! James, you are so kind.

He—Don't mention it, Sadie. Don't mention it. I hope I have a soul in me. You mother shall come to our house, and she shall have a home there as long as she lives.

Objected to the Deputy's Style.

One day last week Sheriff Markets wanted a negro in Andersonville arrested. Not having a deputy at hand, they all being busy in the court, he swore in Mr. Peek of that neighborhood, who is well known in this vicinity for his eccentricities. Peek was very much elated at being made a bailiff temporarily, and determined to make his arrest in great style.

Up to Andersonville he went, found his man, and in a very authoritative manner told him he was under arrest, at the same time clapping on the handcuffs. The negro didn't like the manner in which the arrest was made, and without any more ceremony than was necessary he took to his heels and ran away, handcuffs and all. Peek being a cripple could do nothing but stand and yell at the fleeing darkey. Almost paralyzed he made his way to the telegraph office and telegraphed to the sheriff what to do.

The sheriff sent the very characteristic message:

"Save the handcuffs, anyhow."

Peek hunted the neighborhood over, but no darkey.

Saturday morning the court house officials were sent into roars of laughter by the appearance of the lately arrested darkey, who still had on his handcuffs, who quietly gave himself up, saying he didn't "want right much fun." This childish impulsiveness extends from amusements evn into the most sober elements of national life.

LAST IN SIGHT.

What Do You Suppose Stage People See Last?

"Do you know," said an actress to a New York reporter, "what it is we see last from the stage? The backs of the ladies. Just as the curtain is dropping on our final tableau the people rise in their seats to depart. They rarely remain seated until the curtain shuts them out from our view. A woman never rises from a chair nor leaves a room without two ridiculous maneuvers. First, she seizes her skirts behind below the belt and gives a vigorous lift to all the machinery by which her tournure is accomplished. Then with the back of her hand she settles the bottom of her basque. It is as utterly impossible for a fashionably dressed woman to avoid this action as it is for a man to keep from putting his finger into his mouth after he has hit it with a hammer. We stage folks get a rear view of the procession of women as they head for the street. Every mother's daughter will go through the operation of shaking up her tournure, regardless of the foolish figure she cuts. The effort to free herself from a mosquito would be precisely the gymnastics she goes through every time she rises in her much bebustled condition. A girl whispers to her companion: 'There's a mosquito biting me right in the small of my back.' If the other should reply: 'Take a grab of your clothes over the spot and shake him up,' she would faint. But she will fetch that bustle and its overhanging petticoats a lift the instant she moves."—*N. Y. Sun.*

How They Figure it Out.

"How old is Mrs. T.?" asked Mrs. A. of Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. went into a sort trance for a few seconds and replied, as if doubting her own calculation: "I think she is older than you or I."

"I should say so," said Mrs. A., with a satisfactory air.

Mrs. B. was not quite satisfied with her answer, however, and bolstered up as women say, by the following statement: "Well, when Mrs. T.'s boy Harry was wearing pantaloons my boy was still in baby clothes, and that was fourteen years ago."

Mrs. A: "Then she is at least 40. For my daughter, who is now married, was only a baby when I was 18, and I am only 39 now."

Then Mrs. B. took Mrs. A. to lunch, and they rattled their knives together over their triumph.—*Chicago Mail.*

Practice and Precept.

"Papa, that man over there is going to get his ride for nothing," said an observant little boy on a suburban train the other day; "he got on when we did and now he pretends like he was asleep. The conductor's just gone by him."

"He is not an honest man, my son," replied the father; "cheating a railroad company is as bad as any other kind of cheating. I would rather see you in the cold ground, my boy, than to see you grow up to be a dishonest man. Remember—what the deuce are you stretching yourself up for? Crouch down in your seat, you jabbering idiot! The conductor's coming this way. Do you suppose I want to have to pay fare for you?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Yes—Make a Note of This.

You have no doubt noticed that a poverty-stricken English lord or duke frequently marries a rich American girl, but a poor American girl never marries a rich English lord or duke.—*Norristown Herald.*

Information.

Helen—"Mamma, what is casus belli?"

Mother—"My child, never speak of anything so indelicate. It is the Latin for stomach-ache."

Miscellany.

NEWSPAPER HOAXES.

Some of the Stories Circulated by Practical Jokers to Gull the Public.

"As far back as I can remember," said a gentleman who devotes his leisure to the collection of curios, "every now and then a hoax has appeared and been implicitly believed in by the public. But so many hoaxes have been sprung upon the community of recent years that people are more sceptical than they used to be. The first hoax I remember that was generally believed in was that jewellers would pay $5 a pound for cigar ashes. This craze was in vogue all over the country, and people used to carry little boxes around with them to collect the ashes in. Few ever undertook to find out whether the story was true until he had the pound of ashes collected, and then, of course, it was too late. Many sensible people pursued this fad, although a moment's consideration would show that no jeweller in his sober senses would clean precious metals with a gritty compound. People who wrote to the papers for information in regard to the nondescript jeweller were consoled with the knowledge that cigar ashes made an excellent, if rather disagreeable dentifrice. Then came the story that Queen Victoria would give £1,000 to each person collecting a million old postage stamps. This appealed directly to the heart of the small boy, and many an urchin payed truant so that he could hunt in the ash-barrels in front of the down-town offices. Business men had the souls worried out of them by youngsters begging for stamps. When the fabulous generosity of the Queen began to be doubted a new story was circulated It was that a poor old invalid lady who was offered a nice home for the rest of her life as soon as she had collected the million stamps. Then people were around collecting stamps for the benefit of the mythical old lady. The craze soon died out. It was always supposed to have been originated by dealers who took this way of booming the trade in used postage stamps. The button fad followed. No one seemed to know how many buttons had to be collected on a string before the task was accomplished. It ranged from 1,000 to 1,000,000, according to the caprices of the collector. While the fever lasted many a fond father went to work in the morning with his clothes pinned on. The last craze was for business cards. It was almost universally followed, but soon died out. Fortunes were made and lost in the manufacture of chromo advertising cards."

CRICKET-PLAYING IN SAMOA.

Innocent Islanders Who are Given to Very Ridiculous Crazes.

The childish innocence of the natives is well shown in their intense love of anything new and the way in which the whole population will take up a new idea. Thus, after Mr. Churchward had spent two years in the capital, Apia, its inhabitants were seized with a frantic desire to learn how to play cricket. They have been twitted on their ignorance of the game by some visiting man-of-war, the group of the Tonga Isles, so they sent a deputation to the judge and the British consul requesting instructions in the "Fa'a Peritania"—British manner—of playing cricket. But the quiet and serious English games did not satisfy them. All manner of elaborations were introduced, cricket being made the occasion of great feasting and parade. Every village was soon playing it to the great disgust of the German residents, who saw in it a tendency to favor things British. On match days wonderful processions were formed, the players marching to the field to the inspiring strains of penny whistles, with banners waving and drums beaten. Each had married his bat or a war-club, with which strange exercises were performed, under the guidance of special officers gorgeously arrayed in full naval uniforms, swords, and cocked hats, complete. The Apia men were went to draw upon in front of the British consulate to salute the representative of the land from which the game had been derived. Again and again Teutonic jealouies were aroused, with the ultimate result that King Malietoa himself was actually forbidden to play "the game called cricket" at his seat of government. About six months before Mr. Churchward's departure a genuine civilized cricket made its appearance at Apia. The cricket game was as nothing to the lunacy which followed. The wh

Recent Literature.

A new volume by W. D Howells has been issued by Harper & Bros., New York. It is both biographical and critical in character, and not so didactic as to fail in entertaining the general reader. These "essays and versions," as the author terms them, relate to eighteen poets who lived and sung in the century ending 1870 Not many of them were eminent even in their own land, and several seem to have but slight claim to be remembered. The foremost on the list are Alfieri, Manzoni and Leopardi. All were full of revolutionary ideas, and no doubt many of their productions were suppressed. They were the most effective of soldiers, armed with the mighty pen.

Mr. Howells states that this book grew out of studies "began in Italy, 20 years ago and continued fitfully as I found the word and time for them, long after their original circumstance had become a pleasant memory."

Scattered through the volume are translations from the various authors, some of them extremely good, and others little more than the ordinary. The work contains a great deal of Mr. Howells' own literary tendencies, and is, as a whole, very interesting.

The "American Girl's Handy Book," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is a companion volume to Mr. Beard's "American Boys Handy Book," and the authors, for there are two of them, are his sisters. They have been, they state, several years in collecting material for the work, and the result shows their industry. In the arrangement of this volume the same general plan has been adopted that was used by Mr. Beard so successfully in his boy's book. Thus, under the heading "Spring" are grouped such chapters as "The First of April," "Wild Flowers and their Preservation," "The Walking Club," "Easter" and "May-Day." In "Summer" we have directions for making appropriate and inexpensive decorations for sea-side cottages; for printing from nature's types; for arranging "burgoos" and corn roasts; playing all manner of quiet games. In "Autumn" there are, of course, "Hallowe'en" and nutting parties; many excellent hints for using grasses, wild flowers and bright leaves for home decoration. For winter there are "Christmas Festivities and Home-made Christmas Gifts;" "Amusements and Games for the Christmas Holidays;" "Home Gymnasium;" "A Few Items of Old Fashioned Needle Work, with Some New and Original Patterns;" "A Heap of Rubbish and What to Do With It;" "How to Make Attractive Booths at a Fair;" "Window Decorations;" "Furniture, Old and New;" "Something About Mantels and Fireplaces;" "Home-made Candy," and "St. Valentine's Day," are the titles of those chapters in this division of the book which are likely to be most popular. Price, $2

"Love and Theology" is issued by Ticknor & Company, Boston. It is a strong story by Celia Parker Woolley, dealing with one of those social problems that the new philosophy of the day has given rise to. The following is a slight sketch of the plot: A young man studying for the ministry is engaged to a girl brought up in the old school of orthodoxy. In the course of his studies he encounters cousses of doubt. He pursues his researches until he finds himself no longer able to accept the old creed. Knowing the fulness and fixity of his sweetheart's faith, he shrinks from informing her of the great change his theological views have undergone. When at last he summons courage to tell her that he can not enter the ministry as he had proposed, she is shocked and horrified, and though she loves him sincerely, insists upon breaking their engagement. He goes to the West and accepts a call to the pastorate of a very liberal church indeed. The account of this church, its congregation, ceremonial and manner of pulpit work is one of the best things in the book. The most active member is the old judge, whose family life is represented as charming, and who exhibits all the Christian virtues while professing agnosticism. Arthur Forbes, the young radical preacher, makes his mark in this peculiar community, and meantime Rachel, his lost love, is drawing to that which she has thought the path of duty is a very thorny one. She is unable to put Arthur out of her heart, and she is unhappy, though upborne by the unconsciously egotistic feeling that she must be right in her determination. Of course where two young people are really and deeply in love a solvent for every difficulty most finally be found. It is the work on behalf of their reunion, and therefore it is not surprising that Rachel's mind should presently be opened to perceive a possibility of salvation for Arthur. The reaction once begun naturally goes on, and so she is led to realize that even without renouncing her faith she may lawfully join hands with her dear lover. The whole story is very brightly and cleverly written, and though considerably beyond the length of the average novel it is interesting from beginning to end.

"Some Things Abroad," by Alexander Mackenzie, is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, and a very readable book of travel it is. No new routes are taken, but the author has a fascinating style and a quiet humor which makes his book very entertaining. He with his son visited Ireland and Scotland, and then turned his footsteps to Norway, which is one of the most interesting but least visited countries of Europe. After Norway came Sweden and Denmark and then Germany and Italy. From Italy the travelers went to Turkey, and one of the most interesting portions of the book deals with Constantinople. The author gives an interesting account of Robert College, founded by an American, Christopher Robert, through the influence of its first president, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. Another institution described is the girl's school belonging to the Woman's Board of Missions, the teachers in which are young ladies from New England homes, notwithstanding the tacit opposition of the people, are protected by the government and allowed to carry on their work without hindrance.

The Framazugda edition of "Kaloolah, or the Adventures of Jonathan Romer," has reached the thirteenth thousand. The author, Dr. W. S. Mayo, must be credited with one of the most popular tales of African travel and adventure yet written. The illustrations of the fresh edition includes some fine full-page phototypes. This edition, a very fine one is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published "Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Carey. The introduction by J. F. Jameson states that these stories have been collected from the French provinces, the first part, 200 pages, having come from the admirable French folk-lore journal, *Mélusine*, and the others from Paul Sebillot's *Contes des Provinces de la France*. Mr. Jameson vouches for the fidelity of the translation, which adds another delightful volume to the wonder books for the young.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston, comes "South County Neighbors," by Esther Bernon Carpenter, who dedicates it to Oliver Wendell Holmes, "my earliest and latest master". Rhode Island is large enough to have a Narragansett corner, and there these two comfortable neighbors dwell, as their ancestors did before them. The maiden ladies are especially well drawn. The characters in general have all the individuality that could be asked, and the dialect, following from its construction, is preserved as in a phonograph. It is a book of character studies taken from New England life.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just ready a beautiful holiday edition of Hawthorne's ever popular "Tanglewood Tales," printed on fine paper, from clear type, and illustrated by Mr. George Wharton Edwards with a series of unusually fine drawings, not by the frontispiece, showing "Theseus in the Act of Slaying Minotaur;" "The Battle of the Giants" facing page 50, and "Cadmus Throwing the Rock," illustrating that marvelous story of "The Dragon's Teeth." This is the second volume of Hawthorne's "Wonder Books," and like its predecessor, will be a prime favorite as a gift book.

The same house issues "The Book of Folk Stories," which is a neat little volume containing many attractive old fables which have from time immemorial been the delight of the little folks, re-written and arranged by Horace E. Scudder. Children as well as older people love the wonderful and the mysterious, and fables often convey the best and most useful lessons for practical use in life. The volume is especially arranged for children's reading, but mothers and fathers will find ears to hear even with those too young to read the pleasing novelties themselves.

Literary Notes.

Benjamin & Bell announce a new novel by Edgar Saltus, entitled "Madame Bravoura."

Bret Harte intends to make his home in the suburbs of London.

Mr. J. A. Froude is bringing out a work on India, a companion to "Oceana."

An English translation of Fedor Dostoleffsky's "Idiot" is announced in London.

Mrs. Gannett Wells has sent to the press her first long novel, entitled "Miss Curtis."

State Librarian Morris R. Hamilton, of New Jersey, is preparing a history of that state.

Paul Bourget's "psychological novel," "A Cruel Enigma," is dedicated to Mr. Henry James.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has nearly finished a long novel. She has also two plays partly written.

"Monarchs I Have Met" is the title of a forthcoming volume of reminiscences by W. Beatty-Kingston.

Miss Allegra Eggleston, a daughter of Dr. Eggleston, will illustrate her father's novel, "The Graysons," in the *Century*.

The real and full name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of the immitable "Alice's Adventures," is Lutwidge Dodgson.

An edition of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's book, "The Holy Land and the Bible," is announced by James Pott & Co.

Mrs. Field, the author of a volume of poems recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the daughter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

An American edition of Ruskin's last book, "Hortus Inclusus"—a collection of letters addressed to two sisters—is in the press of John Wiley & Sons.

Miss Julia Fletcher (George Fleming) has written a new novel, entitled "The Truth About Clement Ker," which will appear serially in Oscar Wilde's paper, *The Woman's World*.

Mr. Marion Crawford and his wife, who is the only child of Gen. Berdan (who came prominently into notice during the war as colonel of Berdan's sharp-shooters), is about to settle down in Washington, D. C.

An edition of Keats' "Endymion," profusely illustrated with photo-etching and wood engravings, is announced by Estes & Lauriat as a holiday book for the coming season.

"Le Prophete des Montagnes Fumeuses, Novelle Americaine d'Egbert Craddock," has just appeared in Paris in Messrs. Didot's second series of the "Bibliothoque des Meres de Famille."

Max O'Rell, it is reported, has thought it best to apologize for borrowing a number of paragraphs from A. Rhodes's book, called "Monsieur at Home," without giving credit therefor in his sketch of "The Land of the Moanseer."

H. Rider Haggard writes an indignant letter to the London *Times*, denying the authorship of "Me, a Companion to She," said to have "copyrichted (*sic*) and published by Butler Bros. of New York and Chicago."

Mr. Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet, has returned to Paris from Brittany where he had passed the summer. He is said to have been entrusted with the translation of a play of Shakspeare's for the French stage.

"Lady Grace," which has just appeared, will not be the last work of Mrs. Henry Wood," says the *Athenæum*. "Another story is yet to follow, and will run as a serial through the pages of the *Argosy* in 1888.'

Henry James will contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1888 a serial story entitled "The Aspen Papers," and Mr. Edward H. House, who has spent many years in Japan, will contribute a serial story entitled "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan."

D. C. Heath & Co. publish this week "Seidel's Industrial Instruction," translated by Miss Margaret K. Smith, of the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School. This book claims to present a philosophical exposition of the principles underlying the claims of hand labor to a place on the school programme.

In the catalogue of the Beecher library and art collection, which are to be sold by the American Art association early in this month, there are 1,000 lots, and on one half this volume of 280 pages. There are 2,500 titles. Many of the books have a special personal interest, being often presentation copies, or having the latowner's name written on them, or containing notes in his hand.

A new edition, edited by Robert W. Lowe, of Thackeray's great work, "Their Majesties' Servants," a history of the English stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, is announced for publication by J. W. Bouton, of New York. It will be in three volumes, octavo or royal octavo, and will contain fifty copper-plate portraits and eighty wood engravings. A "Bibliography, or Account of English Theatrical Literature," by Robert W. Lowe, is also announced by the same publisher.

The Population of China.

It has been the custom of late to disbelieve in the ancient estimates of the population of China; but the *North China Herald*, a well-informed journal, publishes statistics which strongly support them. It appears that the authorities at Pekin have recently taken a census for taxing purposes, and that the village bailiffs, whose interest it is to understate the figures, return the population at 319,385,500. Five provinces are omitted, and their population, as recorded in the last census, brings the total up to 392,000,000. Even this figure is independent of the population of Thibet, Kashgar, Ili, and Corea; and the total number of souls ruled by the Emperor of China, therefore, exceeds 40,000,000, and still displays a tendency to increase. As the population of India exceeds 250,000,000, the Indians and Chinese together constitute more than one-half the human race, a fact worth the attention of those philosophers who study London and Paris, and then announce that "man believes" this and that. There are many races of men, but some of the foremost among them—e. g.: the French and the Arabs, scarcely increase at all; while a few, e. g.: the Ottomans, slightly decline. If the process now going on continues for another century the world will belong in the main to four races, or rather peoples—the Teutons, most of whom will speak English; the Slavs, the Chinese, and the natives of India. It is quite, possible, however, that they may quarrel, and that their march toward the mastery of the planet, which else will belong to them like a decree to mites, may be seriously checked.

After Thirty Years.

That the spine and brain are intimately connected, all will admit, but how few have ever had spinal disease, or who have witnessed the sufferings of any one afflicted with it, can attest. The suffering generally is of the keenest character, and usually greatly prolonged. It seems a mystery how the human frame can survive the agonies frequently endured, and one is led to wonder if the body is not toughened in the flame of pain so that it is made capable to endure more pain. The *Warren Republican*, of Williamsport, Warren county, Indiana, printed the following in August last:

"Rev. Colbrath Hall, of Pike, was in town yesterday, looking hale and hearty. He reports the wonderful recovery of his wife within the last eighteen months, after being a confirmed invalid for over thirty years from spinal trouble. She, about eighteen months ago, began the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and attributes her recovery to the use of that medicine. She is now able to walk, get into and out of the buggy, take rides, etc. All acquainted with Mr. Hall and family will rejoice with them in this remarkable recovery."

In a letter dated West Lebanon, Indiana, September 2, 1885, Mrs. Sarah H. Hall wrote, enclosing the article and pronouncing it correct.

Send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for the last number of HEALTH AND LIFE, which is sent free to all applicants; also the treatise on Compound Oxygen, a valuable little book of two hundred pages.

De Lesseps's Silent Signal.

Count Ferdinand De Lesseps relates a curious anecdote of his old friend Mohammed Said and his two walking-sticks. That prince, when he returned on one occasion from England, sent for the canal-cutter and showed him two sticks, one of which had been given him by M. De Lesseps; the other was a present from an English admiral. "It often happens," said the prince, "that you talk to me about the canal in the hearing of people who might retail our conversation at an inopportune moment, I have thought it well to obviate this by carrying in my hand the English cane when I want you not to say a word about the canal. When, however, you see me with your cane (the French one) in my hand, you can talk as long as you like about your undertaking."—*New York Tribune.*

Teeth that loosen through ill-health
May be rendered more secure,
Flaccid gums and fetid breath
Soon grow healthy, sweet and pure.
SOZODONT brings this about,
As the world long since found out.

Not Every Woman Can Do It.

Few women can appropriately wear the hair in Greek style. To begin with, the locks should be very abundant; secondly the feautures should be classic in outline; and lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of coiffure. And to band down the waves of hair (for full dress occasions) with a fillet of velvet or silver in a style that is rarely becoming. The women of Greece adopted this fashion to keep in place their over abundant locks.

If you have Asthma send to T. Popham & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for a Free Trial Package of Popham's Asthma Specific. It gives instant relief. Established 20 years. Try it.

HINTS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

For children there is nothing better than saffron tea for teething and fever.

A pint of mustard seed added to a barrel of cider will keep the liquid sweet for an indefinite time.

In case of a cut, smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soapsuds.

To set the black in home-colored woollen goods so it will not smut, soak the colored goods or wool over night in sweet milk, wring it out and dry, then rinse well through water, and the color will be as fast as it can be.

Peach stains may be removed by putting the article in boiling water before washing it. Once the suds have touched them the stains are set and cannot afterwards be removed.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

A nice accessory to a closet without drawers, suitable for laying in a nice dress, is to make one or more bags to cover over a nice dress, and thus protect from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt and button up and are hung up by loops.

Candied fruit should always be kept in the dark to preserve its rich color and flavor. Tomatoes will often spoil in glass jars, becoming thin and watery simply from the action of the light, and preserves thus lose much of their richness and flavor. Try keeping all fruit in a covered chest or trunk down cellar, if you have no enclosed cupboard there.

To clean black dress goods, take an old black kid glove, cut into small pieces and let stand over night in a pint of soft water. In the morning add as much more warm water as will be needed, also a few drops of ammonia. Have the goods well brushed, then with a sponge wet them on the right side with the water and rub quite hard; smooth with the hand and hang out of doors in the shade; when nearly dry iron on the wrong side.

THE PREACHER'S PARROT.

It Was Left With a Neighbor for a Time and Caused Trouble.

There is a dreadful story in circulation concerning a prominent West Side preacher—one who has hitherto been alleged to be almost too good for this world and whose talks from the pulpit about the immorality prevailing here would lead those not better informed to the conclusion that Chicago must be a sort of modern Sodom and Gomorrah rolled into one. Like most preachers who have wealthy city congregations, his one can afford to rest awhile in summer, and did so the present year. He had about his study a parrot held in high esteem by the family because of its takingly pert demeanor and its no small ability as a linguist. When the preacher went East for the summer the parrot was placed in charge of a neighboring family, two members of which were only too glad to minister to the wants of the parrot of so good a man. For a time all went well.

It is not proper in the relation of this incident to mention real names, and for purposes of convenience it will do to designate as Mr. Jones the gentleman whose family took care of the lev. ——'s parrot. One night, a week or two after the clergyman's departure, Mr. Jones was detained down town rather late one night, and when he returned home the family were all abed. He rang the bell, and at first no one responded. Getting a little impatient, he rang the bell loudly and continuously. Then, to his amazement, some one called out in a harsh voice from inside the house:

"Who is —— s that? Is one of those book agents again! How in —— can a man work when such a racket is going on at the front door? Tell the fellow to leave!"

Well, Mr. Jones got into his house at last, and there was a lively time for a few minutes, until it was learned where the words came from. That was revealed by a mutterings which came from the parrot's cage. It was at once seen what the matter was, this and that were put together and the children of the household were cautioned not to say anything in relation to the Rev. ——'s parrot's remarks. The evil hour was only postponed, though.

The very next afternoon a lady of the neighborhood called at the Jones residence while the parrot's cage was hanging in the window in full view. The servant was a little slow in responding to her ring, and she, like Mr. Jones, getting a trifle impatient, rang again sharply. Then that parrot opened out and excelled its oration of the night before. It wanted to know if those —— book agents never would cease coming! It said it would be blanked if it stood it much longer. It used such dreadful language that the lady did not even wait to learn the result of her last pull on the bell. She left, but she had recognized the parrot as the one belonging to the Rev. Dr. ——!

Of course, she told of what she had seen and heard. Of course, all the congregation knew of it within a week. And, of course, there is a great deal of thoughtful private discussion of the matter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Man of Small Capital

Who wishes to engage in a profitable business, should send stamp to Frank Leslie Pub. House, Philadelphia, Pa., for his large illustrated catalogue of the best Magic Lanterns and Views, which is Mailed Free, and gives all desired information. Prices reduced.

A BEWILDERED BARBER.

He Couldn't Get on to His Strange Customer's Check.

A gentleman in this vicinity, one morning recently, went to a barber and was shaved smoothly and tightly. Returning home he found that during his absence his twin brother had arrived from California, traveled stained and unshaven. The traveler was directed to the same barber shop, and thither he went. Seating himself in the big chair he waited for the boss' her's services. That functionary however, while regarding the visitor with surprise, made no sign of approaching him. For five minutes the traveler sat in silence, and then, his patience being exhausted, he inquired with some asperity:

"What in the deuce are you waiting for? Can't a man get shaved in this shop?"

"What's the joke?" responded the barber, "I've jyst shaved you."

"Much you did," retorted the customer "Look at my beard."

The barber looked with astonishment at the stiff, black beard of a week's growth, felt of it to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him, and at length burst out:

"If you can raise a beard like that in 20 minutes you'd better go into the mattress business and get the hair off your own chin!"—*Boston Courier.*

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for illustrated catalogue. W. O. Mellon, St. Louis, Mo.

Jealous of a Postage Stamp.

While the crowd at the Star Theatre was laughing at Bob Acres's mishaps last evening, two rows of ladies in the parquet were having a sadly melancholy time. A young and pretty woman in the row before them wore a dainty black bonnet set off with just a dash of red ribbon. It was fastened with a jet pin, and on the end of the pin was what looked like a fairly-like fim of silver, hammered and engraved into a dainty vignette. All the ladies who saw the quaint portrait felt much heart burning because they had none like it. At the end of the second act the husband set off with the wearer of the ornament whispered something to her. She blushed, smiled and said: "I wonder how that five-cent postage stamp ever got pinned on that way." Then the other females heaved sighs to get relief and gave up envying.—*N. Y. World.*

Inventors who desire to obtain patents which will certainly protect their inventions, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

Had Her Toe Photographed.

The girls at Bradford academy, at Bradford, Mass., have a new freak. A reporter was in the developing room of a Haverhill photographer's studio, when one of the stylish girls from the old seat of learning across the river tripped merrily in and, with a blush, told the artist that she wanted to get her toe photographed. The young lady was escorted to the inner sanctum and the picture was taken. After the girl had gone the photographer remarked that several young ladies had been to him in the past week for the same purpose.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MORAL CONDUCT.

Some Searching Questions and Conclusive Answers.

How does physical welfare effect moral conduct?

This question is agitating the minds of the best men of our county. Judges, scientists, legislators are discussing it in private, as well as the workingmen, the bankers, and the clergy.

Our country, like the rest of the world, is fast filling up with men having anarchistical ideas, and with other social and political extremists.

May not our morbid tendencies come from disease of the mind, caused by disease of the body? Are they not due to some deranged organ, which, in its enfeebled state, diffuses poison through the system, thus affecting the brain?

It is a long established fact that bodily disease causes most cases of insanity and "softening of the brain." The medical profession claims that the kidneys are the principal health-insuring organs of the body. If they are diseased they do not perform their proper functions and expel the poisonous matters. If these are retained and recirculated through the system they produce most of our common derangements.

We have published in our columns, from time to time, remarkable accounts of restoration to health from all manner of disease (even of insanity, caused as above stated) by the use of Warner's safe cure. There is no doubt that this is the most popular remedy offered for sale, and from the very best information we can obtain, the sale of it continues to increase.

Why is this?

Public sentiment, as a rule, is a fair and just criterion We find this safe cure in the largest cities, and in the most remote parts of the world. Its merits are proclaimed by the consumers, as well as the vendors. Miss Carrie L. Wallis, of Beverly, Mass., is reported to have been desperately ill from general female derangements for years, and to have been restored to, and kept in excellent health by this wonderfully popular remedy, and Miss Lillie Stephens of 1223 Third street, Louisville, Ky., was raised by it from her death bed, when her physicians said she was incurable.

A prominent gentleman, high in official position, said to us the other day, that if he was governor, and a petition for pardon was presented to him, he would require a thorough investigation, as to the physical health of the criminal at the time the crime was committed. In view of such facts, the recommendations of such a remedy are well worth consideration.

The solution of the relation of moral conduct to physical health, ought to be well established in the minds of all, and our statesmen should be prepared to meet the issues growing out of it when they appear.

GIRLS COURT BEAUTY.

Two Illustrations of How They Go About It.

The handsomest woman I ever saw was one who took great care of her health. When I knew her she was over 30, but no girl of 16 that I have ever seen had rosier cheeks or brighter eyes. Of course she was naturally fine looking, but the attention she gave to matters of hygiene added to and preserved her beauty. What did she do? I don't know that I can recount all, but I remember her telling me she took a sponge bath every morning; was particular about the ventilation of her apartments; took long walks when she could; ate but little meat, much fruit and cereals when ever she could get them. Another thing she did which she tried without success to get me to do; she drank her coffee without milk or cream, dilutee with water.

The reason she took her coffee so was because her physicians had told her it was healthier to drink it that way. Whether the practice added to her physical charms or not I don't know. On the whole she was certainly repaid for her systematic habits, and as certainly there was nothing arduous about the performance of them. Nor was there anything bizarre about as, it seems to me, there is about the following account I read of a Chicago belle: "To keep the suppleness of her figure she sands one hour daily, fifteen minutes at a time, with hands on her hips before a long mirror, and bending her knees out from each other she sinks slowly down toward the floor as low as possible, then as slowly uprising; meantime moving her arms in any direction to their utmost length, out of up, forward or back, until when she stands erect they are resting on her hips again. Each movement is repeated, every time a little accelerated, until the end of thirteen minutes it is done quickly and a fine color is in her cheek. She then lies down on a perfectly flat couch, without a pillow, until her breath comes smooth and regular, as it will in the two minutes left of her quarter of an hour. When she plays a good deal of tennis she cuts down her exercising one-half." Of course the benefit to be derived from this procedure is not to be questioned, whatever may be thought of it besides. It is easy to see that her whole body thus receives good exercise, adding to the grace of her form, beautifying her complexion, and making her strong and healthier.—*San Francisco Post.*

THE WARY PROF.

A Side Show in Connection With an Examination.

Recently at a certain college examination a certain professor determined that he would make it impossible for any copying to take place under his supervision. Accordingly he kept a very sharp watch upon the candidates. At last the professor's man took from side to side to satify himself that no one observed him, plunge his hand into his breast pocket, and drawin something out, regard it long and steadfastly, and then, hastily replacing it, resume his pen and write with obviously increased energy. The professor succeeded in getting behind the man unperceived, and then, waiting until he was repeating the suspicious action, he sprang forward and seized the hand in the very act of grasping the suspected object.

"Sir," said he, "this is the fourth time I have watched you doing this. What have you in your hand?" The man hesitated to reply, and then complied with his evident confusion, confirmed the professor's suspicions. "I must insist, sir, on seeing what it is you have in your hand."

The man reluctantly complied, and drawing his hand from his pocket revealed the source of his inspiratipn—the photograph of a young woman.

Driven Crazy by Cigarettes.

During the past seventeen months an unusually large asylum of men has been sent to the insane asylum in this state. It happens that nearly all of them were large consumers of cigarettes, and this fact has given rise to the report that cigarette smoking was the cause of their insanity. In several cases this is positively known to be the case, and there is consequently considerable alarm felt by parents for their cigarette-consuming sons. A case of deafness from this cause in the person of a prominent society belle has been also reported. Health Officer Duffield says that not long ago he was called on by an anxious father to analyze various brands of cigarettes by a prominent citizens who has several sons, with a view to laying the facts, if the little smokers were found injurious, before the boys. Dr. Duffield found no opium in the cigarettes he analyzed, and does not believe that insanity is caused or continued by their use. Other physicians differ with him.—*Detroit Special.*

Rheumatism

Is undoubtedly caused by lactid acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

Beaten at Her Little Game.

Supt. Morton, of the Union Railway company, tells the following story: "When I first took charge of the road the drivers complained to me of a certain lady who rodetown and back again every day without paying fare. She would get aboard the car and hand the driver a twenty-dollar bill to change. Of course he could not change it and could not ask the lady to get off, so she rode free every trip. I decided that she was deliberately beating the company and determined to get even with her. One morning I gave one of the drivers on the line which passed the lady's house $20 in nickels and instructed him to change the lady's bill. She fell into the trap, and about 10 o'clock boarded the right car on her way down-town. She handed the driver the twenty-dollar bill and he promptly returned her 400 nickels. She put her fare in the box, but was so angry she left the car and did not ride again for a month. After that she always had change when she boarded a car."—*Birmingham Age.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Not long ago the BLADE published, as an interesting bit of personal news, a list of the locations and present occupations of a number of prominent Union generals of the late war. There was no thought of guile in this article; but a letter, received lately shows that the BLADE has undoubtedly had many a malediction hurled against it for its ill advised publication. The letter was from one of that impudent fraternity called "autograph fiends;" and he had the cheek to thank the BLADE for publishing that list, but also to request that the addresses of entire classes of prominent men should be given! Not if the BLADE can help it. Among several very obnoxious classes of ill-bred people, the autograph-hunter stands at the head. No man has a right, even by courtesy, to bore another with a request for his sign manual. A rubber fac simile stamp should be used in replying to these bores.

EDITORS, being an impecunious class, are not often annoyed by another very common letter-writing bore—the begging-letter; but the exemption is more than made up by the monomaniacs who imagine that they can write poetry. This is a disease which is liable to attack all sexes and ages; and while common among those of the vealy age, yet nobody can be considered safe from its attacks until he is in his grave. And the poor editors get the benefit of all this outpouring of gush and wash-stationery. A pelting hail of MSS. falls daily, and there is never a let-up. There may be a lull for a day or two, but it always is more than made up by an extra rush later. And the funny thing about it is that there isn't one mother's son (or daughter) of these alleged poets in a baker's dozen, who knows what poetry is! They have an idea that if words are chopped up into lines, and the last syllables of every two, or every other two, of these lines rhyme, that they have written poetry. But they haven't.

A CAREFUL study of some 2,000 of these so-called "poems" each year for a longer period than the present writer would like to designate specifically, leads to the absolute conviction that poetizing is a worn-out art. Look at it: there are a necessarily limited number of poetic images of which the English language is capable; there is a necessarily much smaller number of musical and rythmical words for their exact expression. Now, is it not clear that the first fellows had the best luck? They had the whole ideal and lexicographical world before them wherein to choose; and in all between-times until the very limited area left now for any one—save he be, indeed, one of those rare bards whose fame fills the ages, like Homer or Shakespeare. The images have been used over and over, until you cannot pick up a modern poem without noting the well-worn figures, that have done duty time and oft before. That sort of writing is plagiarism or parody—and what editor wants either? Homer used the image "the many-sounding sea;" Shakespeare, "the multitudinous seas;" and what poet has ever invented an epithet that can be compared to either? This is but one example; any lover of true poetry can fill you this column with similar ones.

It is a hard saying, but it is a precept of wisdom, "Don't write poetry; but if you must dip that far into folly, don't tempt us to high-strung and red-hot prose by sending it to the BLADE." We don't want it. Yet every mail brings a load of it: people get the horrid stuff they write printed in their country papers, and then send us a marked copy, with a request to publish; they get friends to write letters recommending them, which they inclose with their nightmare-inspired poems. And, Great Heavens! how long these alleged poems are! One of these monomaniacs never seem to get fairly started on his theme till after he has written a couple of hundred lines. Or, perchance, if you do find one who makes a specialty of short poems, of 20 to 40 lines, he (or she) invariably sends you three or four different ones, in order to give choice. And, of all the vast array of the vilest trash, you do find something neatly turned, or as strikes you as being good enough to publish, you make a fatal error by printing it; for as soon as it appears you will be made the recipient of absolutely dozens hurriedly-written ones by the proud author, who thinks that you are hungry for more; and so you are worse off than you were at first. The only safe rule is, don't publish poetry.

THERE are few women who are brave at all times and under all circumstances. A woman who will stand up firmly and undauntedly and face the world with unfaltering courage in the cause which she deems right or justice and honor, will quail with terror and nimbly climb upon a chair if a mouse sends across the parlor floor. It seems absurd at first thought that this should be so; but let us analyze it a little. The root of the feeling in the case of the mouse is the fear that the little animal may make a hiding-place of the drapery, and use his sharp little teeth upon the person of his unwilling hostess. Now, is indifference to physical pain the highest type of courage? If it be, then the Indian can give his white cousin points thereupon. Women are more delicate in physical constitution than are men, but they can and do display a type of moral heroism as high as any of the sterner sex. Let us agree to consider the mouse episode as a charming little feminine idiosyncrasy, not to be mentioned as long as men are in the habit of coming home in a condition that makes a night-key an useless article because of the difficulty of finding the keyhole.

A GROWN woman, of strong nerve and robust health, in the course of a conversation on the subject of childish terrors, declared that although she never remembered hearing tales of horror in her youth, she yet had a confirmed dread of the dark. When a child, if she were sent up-stairs to do an errand in an unlighted room, she executed it with the utmost dispatch, and flew down to the lighted regions again with the firm conviction that something was lying in wait for her under the bed, watching an opportunity to clutch her ankles if she came near enough. "To this day," she added, "I never cross the room in the dark to get into bed without a revival of the old, harassoning terror I am brave enough, so long as there is light, but can realize perfectly the meaning of the phrase, 'A horror of great darkness.'"

MUCH of the lack of good manners in adults had its root in the too complete abandonment of children to the company and control of servants. A child cannot be taught too soon the refinement of manners, and for this they must be, for a large part of every day, in the company of well-bred and well mannered people. When a child is made to understand the art of self-control, and a due consideration of other people's feelings, the rest of the lesson will be easy enough; for children are great imitators, and an example of good manners, after instilling good principles, will accomplish the work with the average child.

HENRI WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has been remarking to the effect that if there is a girl who does not have a healthy desire to have children of her own, the best thing that could possibly have happened would have been her drowning in childhood. While this has a somewhat savage sound, there is a kernel of eternal truth therein. Woman was made for maternity; and the typical woman shows herself even in early childhood in the motherly zeal she exhibits in caring for her dolls. Given home and the right sort of a husband, and a woman is not going around the world croaking about the ballot, and such things. Safe in her appointed kingdom, she has a queenly contempt for that blundering creature, man, as well as for politics, and lodge matters, and other staple topics of masculine interest. The real reason that the so-called "woman's rights" movement is at a practical standstill is that the real women of the country—the mothers, the queens of happy homes—don't care a rap about it. When *they* desire the ballot, they will have it; and woman will not be made a voter until this class of women *do* desire it.

A Bloody Affray

Is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, *but treat yourself* by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

He Shunned Investigation.

At the grocer's. The proprietor rang on his counter a half-dollar which a customer had just given him.

"Look here!" cries the latter. "I don't like to have my money suspected."

"Beg pardon, but this may be counterfeit."

"That's just what's the matter."—*Boston Transcript.*

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. Sold only in Boxes. Price 25 cents.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

REBEL OR LOYALIST?

[Addressed by an ex-Confederate soldier to the Grand Army of the Republic.—*American Magazine* for October.]

I.

I was a rebel, if you please,
I was a patriot to the core;
The South was mine; I loved her so,
I gave her all—I could do no more.

You scowl at me. And was it wrong
To wear the gray my father wore?
Could I slink back, though young and strong,
From foes before my mother's door?

My mother's kiss was hot with fight;
My father's frenzy filled the son;
Through reeking day and sodden night
My sister's courage urged me on.

And I, a missile, stooped in hate,
Hurled forward like a cannon ball
By the restless hand of fate,
Rushed wildly, madly through it all.

I stemmed the level flames of hell;
O'er bayonet-bars of death I broke;
I was so near when Cleburne fell,
I heard the muffled bullet-stroke!

But all in vain. With dull despair
I saw the storm of conflict die;
Low lay the Southern banner fair,
And yonder flag was waving high.

God! What a triumph had the foe!
Laurel, and arch, and trumpet-blare;
All round the earth their songs did go;
Thunder-ing through heaven their shouts did tear.

My mother, gray and bent with years,
Hoarding love's withered aftermath,
Her sweet eyes burnt too dry for tears,
Sat in the dust of Sherman's path.

My father, broken, helpless, poor,
A gloomy, nerveless, giant stood;
Too strong to cower and endure,
Too weak to fight for musterhood.

My Boyhood's home—a blackened heap
Where izards crawled and briars grew—
Hath felt the fire of vengeance creep,
The crashing round shot hurtle through.

I had no country; all was lost;
I closed my eyes and longed to die,
While past me stalked the awful ghost
Of mangled, murdered Liberty.

The scars upon my body burned;
I felt a heel upon my throat;
A heel that ground, and grinding turned
With each triumphant trumpet-note.

"Grind on!" I cried; "nor doubt that I—
If all your necks were one and low
As mine is now—deligtedly
Would cut it by a single blow?"

II.

That was dark night; but day is here,
The crowning victory is won;
Hark, how the s

Question Bureau.

[Write on one side and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, will be published.

Every attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammar, orthography, politics, questions of the relative liability of individuals or corporations.

Communications for this department must be written in a legible hand, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions, and each question must be distinctly stated. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to expect an answer in the "next issue." The Bureau's mail is always full, and we are generally two or three weeks behind.

Questions of interest to but few readers, or which involve calculations or deeds, will not be answered. Replies to questions are published in the order of general interest, and no one has a right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

Correspondents will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Nihilism.

J. R. P., Maitland, Mo.:

Can you tell an old reader what Nihilism is and is it common in Russia? Please tell all you can?

The name nihilists is sometimes applied to all persons taking part in political agitation in Russia, especially if they are avowed advocates of constitutional government, but properly it belongs only to those suppressed by acting under the form of a secret revolutionary committee. The names nihilist and nihilism did not originate with the party, but were given it in derision, because its members sought the destruction of all the old forms of government without proposing, and apparently without intending to substitute any defined scheme of organization in their place. So far as is known, these terms were first used by the Russian novelist Turgenieff, to describe a character in one of his Russian government, and its efforts to the tyranny of the existing powers. The first secret political societies was the insurrection of December, 1825, at the beginning of the reign of Nicholas I., which aimed at overthrowing the czardom and establishing a constitutional form of government. Though this insurrection was suppressed, those engaged in it continued to urge their views and the party gained strength. The earliest advocate of the present Russian doctrine of nihilism was Michael Bakunin, who advocated a Russian republic as early as 1847 and in 1868 founded the "International alliance of revolution," a secret society, whose object was to effect a popular uprising against all recognized governments. This society was no doubt the parent of many secret organizations that have since sprung into existence throughout Europe. Bakunin died at Geneva in 1876. Peter Lavrovitch Lavroff, who succeeded him with more liberal policy than any of his predecessors, it came so far short of the desires of the party of progress that the spirit of discontent seemed stimulated rather than lessened. The celebrated revolutionist after any conspiracy was proved in 1877, when, after a great trial lasting eighteen months, 135 persons out of 183 arrested were found to belong to such an organization. The nihilistic league to attempt the assassination of the Czar, resulted in capturing the city of Tunis and defeating the enemy with great slaughter. But the Carthaginians were now commanded by a very able Greek general, Xanthippus, who succeeded in massing an army large enough to quite overpower the Romans, and Regulus himself was taken prisoner. After he had been five years in captivity the Carthaginians, being anxious to arrange terms of peace, sent an embassy to Rome to negotiate. With it they sent Regulus, having bound him by an oath to return to captivity if their offers were rejected. The Roman senators were inclined to accept the terms, but Regulus interposed and in a speech showed so clearly that it would be to the injury of Rome and the advantage of Carthage should they do so that they broke off further negotiations. Regulus refused even to see his wife and children, but went resolutely back into captivity. It is said that the Carthaginians, indignant at his course of action, caused him to be put to death with horrible tortures, but this part of the story is generally doubted by historians.

2. The first account of any linen having been made was in 1253.

Miscellaneous.

Elmer C. Cramer, Holton, Can. See paragraph headed public lands.

J. E. H., St. Cloud, W. Va., your question has been answered several times within the past six months.

F. J. Dahlgreen, Seattle, W. T.:

The BLADE does not answer questions in regard to the standing of firms.

T. Z. M., Olney, Ill.:

Please give a list of the weekly newspapers that are published in Fort Scott, Kansas?

Monitor, Herald, and *Republican Record.*

R. M. L., Scanton, Pa.:

What became of the tree under which the Penn treaty was signed?

The treaty tree was blown down in 1810, and was 283 years old. Chairs, vases, work-stands many other articles have been made of its remains.

Subscriber, Youngstown:

What is the difference between a registered and coupon United States bond. Define each.

Under and upon the coupon, all registered bonds are numbered, and these numbers registered so that should a thief steal them he could not dispose of them, while the others are not

Dell A. Cummings, Montpelier, Vermont.

Can you tell me in what number of the BLADE was published an answer to Nary K. Love. She asked for a list of the rulers of England from the Saxons to Victoria. I think it was during July, August or September of this year, and want very much to obtain that copy of the BLADE.

The question to which you refer was answered in the BLADE of July 21.

W. W. Slusser, Pike, N. Y.:

Why does the Blade Company persist in printing a paper in such small type, so trying to the eyes of most people?

The BLADE prints so much reading matter that it has to use small type, in order to get all news into its columns. The type used in the BLADE is no smaller than that used by all leading newspapers of the country.

E. E. Berg, Champion, Pa.; A. M. Simpson, Morristown, O.:

1. Can shorthand be mastered, or learned well enough to get a position, in two or three months by taking lessons by mail? 2. What is considered the best system of shortnand?

1. No. There are many little points that cannot be learned in that way. In a great degree it is the great proficiency as to which is the best. Some writers prefer one while others prefer another.

C. B. Wood, Kinsman, O.: Will the BLADE please tell, 1. How many cities and villages have prohibited the sale of liquor under the Dow law? 2. How many saloons have been closed? 3. What revenue does the State derive?

(1)—About 200 towns. (2)—It is estimated that about 3,000 saloons have been closed. (3)—The State derives a revenue of $2,000,000 a year from saloons, but generally they work one year and go to school the next

C. N. C., Armstrong county, Iowa.

Can you inform me where the best homestones are quarried and manufactured?

The finest kind of stones are those called oil stones, which are imported from Turkey; Bohemia is also celebrated for its hones; and excellent ones are found in Persia, and in the Harz Mountains, in Styria, in America, Spain Peru, and in Siberia. In Great Britain several localities yield hone-stones of excellent quality, and none better than the celebrated Water-of-Ayre stone, which is much used for polishing copper plates, as well as for hones.

Eva S., Nodesha, Kan.:

Please explain the origin, meaning and usage of the words "flotsam" and "jetsam." Also, "jetsam, jetsom, jetsome, jetsum, under water after having been thrown overboard in order to save a vessel from wreck, whose owner still possesses them if found; if he makes no claim, they revert to the state. Goods which do not sink when thrown overboard are called Flotsam. The term Flotsam and Jetsam is used by newspapers over miscellaneous clippings found floating around in the various exchanges.

E. W. Wood, Decatur, Ind.:

Please answer the following questions: 1. Define "National Question?" 2. For what main principle was the Republican party of the present born? 3. Why is Prohibition not a national question?

1. A "national question" as the term is used is any question of importance to the whole nation. 2. The Republican party had its birth in the principle of freedom, and has always shown the spirit of anti-slavery. 3. Prohibition while a national question, is seldom, and doubtless may soon be injected into the Republican national platform.

F. R. Brown, Lanlone, Ia.:

Will the Question Bureau give the year of birth of the following persons: George Bancroft, Alfred Tennyson, John G. Saxe, John Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, John Tyndall, Edward E. Hale, James Parton, Mary Abigail Dodge, Elizabeth S. Phelps?

George Bancroft, born 1800; Alfred Tennyson, born 1810; John G. Saxe, born 1816; John Ruskin, born 1819; Herbert Spencer, born 1820; John Tyndall, born 1820; Edward E. Hale, born 1822; James Parton, born 1822; Mary Abigail Dodge, born 1838; Elizabeth D. Phelps, born 1815.

D. F. McCarty, Zanesville, O.:

1. What the Black laws were prior to the Arnett bill? 2. Who originated the Arnett bill and secured the passage of same? 3. What are the provisions of the Arnett bill?

1. The "black laws" of Ohio were those which prohibited blacks from attending white schools. 2. Mr. Arnett, a colored member of the Ohio house. 3. The bill repeals the former law and makes it possible for black children to attend white schools. There is a little opposition to the new bill being carried into effect in some Ohio towns.

W. A. Elam, Mulberry Grove, Ill.:

Will the Question Bureau answer the following questions? 1. How many slaves were there before the war? 2. What is meant by the Paris Electoral vote, or in other words, what is it? 3. How old is Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut?

The Pan-Electric Co. was formed with Attorney General Garland one of the prime movers to invalidate other telephone patents; it was hoped to use Garland's influence to get the government to prosecute the case. The only outcome was to reflect discredit on Garland and the Democratic administration. 3. He was born in 1826, and is 51 years old.

Mrs. Ada Custer, Custer, Wash. T.:

Please publish in the inquirer's column why 36 deg. and 30 min. was taken as the boundary in the Missouri Compromise and oblige a reader.

Missouri was purchased by President Jefferson in 1803, and in 1821, after a great contest, was admitted into the Union as a slave state, under what was called the Missouri Compromise, which admitted Missouri, north of the north boundary of Arkansas, which was 36 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude. In 1861 Missouri joined with the seceded states, and became a scene of civil war, and violent partisan conflicts.

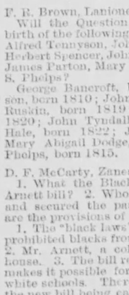
L. C. Z., Collins, Ind.:

Will you please name and give the population of twenty of the largest towns in the United States? C. J.

The largest twenty cities in the United States having upward of 100,000 inhabitants in 1880 are: 1. New York, 1,206,577; 2. Philadelphia, 847,170; 3. Brooklyn, 566,689; 4. Chicago, 503,185; 5. Boston, 360,832; 6. St. Louis, 350,518; 7. Baltimore, 332,313; 8. Cincinnati, 255,809; 9. San Francisco, 233959; 10. New Orleans, 216,090; 11. Pittsburg, 156,389; 12. Cleveland, 155,946; 13. Buffalo, 155,500; 14. Washington, D. C., 147,293; 15. Newark, 136,508; 16. Louisville, 123,758; 17. Jersey City, 120,722; 18 Detriot, 116,340; 19. Milwaukee, 115,587; 20. Providence, 104,857.

T. J. G., Altamont, Kan.:

When a man says he is a Republican, what principle does he base his assertion on, or what constitutes a Republican and what a Democrat?



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Skin Beautifiers and Blood Purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

The Republican of to-day believes in the regulation of the tariff in such a manner as to protect the infant American industries and the millions of employes thereof. The Democratic party believes in free trade, which means a competition with the pauper labor of foreign countries, and a consequent degradation of American workmen. The Republican party believes in an honest ballot and a fair count, while the Democratic party is notorious for its frauds upon the ballot-box and the disfranchisement of a large class of citizens who do not vote with them. These and many other things equally as marked, point out the difference between a Republican and a Democrat.

R. McP., Portland, Ore.:

1. Will you please give the history of James Eads. 2. Who was Henry Hartshorn? 3. When were carriages first introduced into England?

1. James B. Eads was born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., May 28, 1820. With his parents he lived for a few years at Louisville, Ky., and in 1833, after the death of his father, he went to St. Louis, which city was his home from that time. He was a clerk on a lower Mississippi river steamboat in the latter part of the '30s. In 1842 he formed a company for the purpose of recovering sunken vessels and other property, in which occupation his great mechanical engineering abilities were put to such use that in 1857 he was able to retire from the company with a handsome fortune. When the civil war broke out he submitted plans elaborate to the government for the defense of the western waters, and contracted for the construction of seven iron-clad gunboats for service on the Mississippi. In 1862 he constructed for the same purpose six iron clad propellers, carrying two turrets each. Many valuable new features of his own invention were introduced in these vessels. His great reputation as a civil engineer was gained since the war. He projected and constructed the steel arch bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, a work which, owing to the deep shifting sands of the riverbed, had been considered almost impossible of execution. Capt. Eads was most highly known, however, in connection with his work of opening the mouths of the Mississippi to the heaviest draught ships. Instead of a ship canal he deepened the South Pass of the delta by a system of jetties concentrating the velocity of the current, obtaining a permanent depth of twenty feet over a bar on which was but eight feet of water. At the time of his death Capt. Eads's attention was engaged with the project of a ship railway across the isthmus of Panama—a scheme which was before the United States senate during the last session. 2. Henry Hartshorne, A. M., M. D., son of Dr. Joseph Hartshorne, was a medical writer and physician, professor in the university of Pennsylvania, and in the Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania. Born in 1823. 3. Carriages were first introduced into England in 1580, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies.

Imitation Jellies.

A year or two since a man in the town of Oswego found himself with a large crop of red currants, and, as the price in the market was too low to permit him to sell them at a profit, he manufactured them into "jam" or "jelly," using the best of sugar, and producing a most excellent article, which he imagined would sell to families and hotels readily. He found the hotels supplied with a cheap, impure article manufactured from gluten and acids, and colored to resemble somewhat in color and taste currant jelly, which he could not sell. One hint was given him at once for his purpose, as the boarders didn't know the difference, and it could be procured at a rate much lower than he could afford to sell the pure, delicious, wholesome article. The dealers would not purchase the pure article because they sold at retail an article which "answered the purpose" even lower than he could afford his at wholesale.

The result was the enterprising man who thought he would do the people a great kindness by furnishing them with a pure, delicious article of currant jelly at a cost less than they could manufacture it themselves, had a large quantity on hand to send to friends or to pass around "in cases of sickness," etc. But we haven't heard of his manufacturing any more "pure currant jelly" for the market. A few years since a gentleman in Union Village started the manufacture of apple jelly, and he produces a very pure and delicious article, which should have commanded a ready sale at hotels, bakeries, and in families, for the table and for tarts, pies, etc. But the business did not prosper, we think. At all events it was suspended. An interior article made up of adulterations which "answered the purpose" took the trade.—*Chicago Times.*

Common Sense

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities of the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common-sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla That this peculiar medicine does cure catarrh is shown by the many testimonials from people who have found relief upon using it when all others have failed. A book containing statements of cures sent on receipt of two cent stamp, by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Gen. Sheridan as a Martinet.

I never heard this one on Gen. Sheridan before. We all know that he is not a tall man. It matters not where he saw the ungainly Irish soldier, huge of stature, bow-shouldered and irregular of step; the general thought by a frowning reprehension to excite something of a martial ambition in the man. "Don't stand that way, like a Chinaman doubled over a washtub," said he. "Straighten up, form erect, chest out and chin elevated. Like this!" And the general, then an under-officer, gave a superb illustration of the perfect soldier in parade movement, his eyes fixed unalterably away from earthly things.

"An' it's straight ahint I'll be after lookin' all the toime?" asked the recruit, glancing down at his superior officer with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"Precisely; chest out and chin elevated—so! Ah, very good; very good, indeed. Now you look like a soldier."

"An' must I forivir kape mi eyes pinted an a dead levil in this way?"

"Yes; if you mean to be a respectable soldier, certainly."

The Irish recruit puffed out like a pigeon, and, as he stepped off to the measured "Right!" "Left!" exclaimed: "Well, goodbet to yez, leftenant; begorra, I'll nivir see you again."

When the Modest Girl's Alone.

Most men like modest girls best. Modesty is discretion; that's all. The modest girl won't let you hold her hand when there's anybody likely to see; but she's wholesouled when there's nobody looking, and gives you both her hands. I have known young ladies who would squeeze your hand tenderly, look into your eyes and do everything that was agreeable in the most shameless manner before other people; but when they are alone with you they'll sit a half a mile off and talk primly about the weather. I don't think those girl's would make good wives. At all events they don't make good sweethearts, and about marrying it is much the same as with boys eating cherries. They lay aside the best to finish up with, but when they get to what they've laid aside they're so full of cherries that they can't enjoy any more. Of course there are other boys who eat all the good ones first. But it seems to me all rules work both ways anyway, and enough discomfiture of some kind. The only rule of life experience brings us is to never to lose a chance for fun when we can get it.

Some Mean Girl Wrote This.

It is a sad fate to be the sister of a popular actress, for no matter how much talent or ambition she may possess, she is doomed to be always overshadowed and belittled by her more noted sister. Perhaps if she had come to the front first, the situation might have been reversed; but as it is she can only hope to be known as the "sister of the talented, popular, and generally actress, Miss So-and-So." What adds to the bitterness of her life is the belief which she secretly entertains that she has more talent than her idolized sister, and would excel her if she only had a chance.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sassed by the Remains.

A clergyman officiated at the funeral of a man whose widow was a spiritualist. Scarcely were the exercises concluded when she began to berate the minister in a masculine tone of voice. To reassure him a bystander informed him that the spirit of her husband was holding forth. Our friend says that in all his experience it is the only time that he was ever "sassed by the corpse."

A Sure Case.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl.

"*No, but grandmother did,*" was the reply.

The Old Folks at Home,

Or elsewhere, need a tonic now and then to sustain them under growing infirmities. No safer or more thorough invigorant for age and the delicate can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a reasonable medicine in those ailments of commonest occurrence—liver complaint, indigestion and bowel disorders; a pure botanic safeguard against malaria, and a reliable means of counteracting rheumatism. To the convalescent, it is a valuable aid in the recovery of strength, and to the debilitated, nervous invalid it yields tranquil slumber and renewed appetite—two prime factors to the restoration of vigor. Being of purely botanic origin, it is free from those objections urged against mineral remedies difficult or impossible of assimilation by the system, and which impair the tone of the stomach, which the Bitters, on the contrary, strengthens and regulates. It is endorsed and prescribed by the medical fraternity.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

KATIE'S WISH AND ITS GRATIFICATION.

Five little girls were spending a pleasant evening together, and fell to discussing what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful palace with nothing to do but to act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

"Oh, I wish I was very, very pretty, so that people would look at me and say, she's the prettiest girl I ever saw," exclaimed Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anthing else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Margie Wilkins.

"Your turn now, Katie—what do you wish for?" asked Margie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wish to be good—so good," she said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly, and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Oatis.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you had not come," said Margie, drawing Katie's hand in her own.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Mr. Frank has brought his children up to believe faithfully in a veritable Santa Claus, but there was one small seceder who thought for himself and rejected the nursery belief. When Christmas Eve came last year he confided to his mother his doubts and fears.

"I just b'leeve that I don't believe in any Santa Claus," he said gravely, "though sometimes, mamma, I don't b'leeve I know what I do b'leeve."

Later in the evening, when the whole family were assembled in the parlor, the door opened and a genuine Santa Claus—dress, pack, white whiskers and all the regulation features—entered. Little Phil looked around with an incredulous grin and counted the members of his tribe. They were all present, and each one had a request to put in. Phil kept up his unbelief, and Santa Claus turned to go. As he passed into the hall fear and doubt struggled in the small boy's mind. He didn't believe in any such personage, but he hated to take any chances. His feet wiggled, and at last he slid from his chair and ran after the disappearing figure. As the patron of Christmas reached the front door he heard a very beseeching voice gasp at his heels:

"H-a-n-d-s-l-e-d!"

THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

I know a small boy of tender years who is going to give himself an awful lot of trouble when he grows up. He has developed a strong taste for mementoes, and he keeps them all carefully. We all keep mementoes when we are young. But this small boy keeps a book in which he records in full detail what those mementoes are; e. g.:

1. "A stone taken from the lot where Mr. June's new house is built."

2. "A piece of redwood picked up in the back yard of Mrs. Flaherty's cottage."

The book is full of this kind of thing. He was showing his treasures to his uncle, and having explained everything as it came up, he reached a thin strip of redwood.

"What's this?" asked his uncle, handling it very irreverently. The boy seized it.

"That! That is dearer to me than all my life."

"Bless my soul! What is it?"

"That is a piece of a stick with which we killed a coon?"

A FREE TRANSLATION.

The importance of distinct enunciation in singing was well illustrated in a Sunday school recently. The scholars frequently singing:

Pass along the watchword, shout it as you go,
Victory! victory, over every foe!

A little girl of five years, coming for the first time to Sunday school, was greatly pleased with the singing of this hymn. When she reached home she said:

"Mamma, they sang such a funny song at Sunday school to-day!"

"What was it?" asked her mother."

"Oh, they sang, 'Pass along the washrag,' and they kept saying it over and over."—*Youth's Companion.*

A DEEP LITTLE THINKER.

The conversation had been about children in general, and the mother told the following story about her own child, a little tot not more more than three years of age: "The other night she was kneeling by my side and saying her prayer of 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' She got as far as 'If I should die before I wake,' when she stopped said, being in a hurry to place her in bed, I said, 'Well, go on; what comes next?' The little eyes were sparkling with earnestness and deep thought, and after having apparently settled the question in her own mind, she said in her baby way, 'A fooneral.'"

A SIGN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Who was the most patient man?" asked a teacher in one of Pittsburg's Sunday-schools yesterday.

None of the small scholars seemed to know until a little chap, who had been in a brown study for a few minutes, held up his hand,

"Who was it, Johnny?'

"It was the man who had the awful poor turkey."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

MAGNUM BONUM.

A young miss, aged 10, whose sister had just become engaged to a physician, was seated at the supper table with the family. There had been remarks made and opinions expressed about Mr. M. D., when the young miss gave her opinion as follows: "I think it will be a very good thing for the doctor, as he can now leave his babies with Carrie, and not give them all away to strangers." Supper was adjourned.—*Judge.*

BILLY'S DIAGNOSIS.

"What's the matter with baby, Billy?"

"Nothin', ma, on'y the same old teething."

"But I never saw him make such faces; have you been doing anything to him?"

"Nin, on'y jest now he went into sis's studio an' licked all the yeller ochre off her palette. an' I guess he ain't got over the disappointment of it's not bein' custard."

DEFESIVE OUTWORKS.

Little Edith—"'ish I was as big as Elsie."

Mother—"You should not have such a wish as that, Edith; you want to keep young as long as you can."

Little Edith (not so sure)—"I don't know about that. If I was as big as sister Elsie I'd wear a bustle, and then you couldn't spank me any more."

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Quincy teacher recently in giving primary language lessons wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingrain," "Brussels," "Wilton," and requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his ingenuity as follows: "A hedgehog has Brussels on his back."

AN ADMIRER OF SIMPLICITY.

A little girl in a Boston suburb, who was much disturbed at a thunder shower, was told by her father that the rain was good for her plants, and that it was really a good chance which brought the shower at that particular time. Looking up through her tears she said: "I'd rather have plain rain."

THE FIRST THING IN ORDER.

"And what would you do, Henry?" asked a lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nervine and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

Plenty of Buttons.

The wife of a country minister sat in the front porch mending clothes. A neighbor stepped in for a friendly chat. A basket half full of buttons was on the floor of the porch. The visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Gotswin. My gracious! if there are two of the same buttons my husband had last winter on a suit?"

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife, calmly. "I'm surprised to hear it as all these buttons were found in the contribution box. What, must you go? Well, be sure and call again."

A Necessary Preliminary.

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady that he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

HINT FOR COLD-HANDED GIRLS.

A Sensible Young Woman Gives Her Companions Some Common Sense Suggestions.

"How do you manage to keep your hands warm?"

"Easily enough."

Two tastefully attired young women were riding uptown in a Sixth avenue elevated train where their conversation was involuntarily overheard.

"How?"

"I wear mittens."

"Mittens? Why, the other night—that cold night—I saw you at the theater, and you wore gloves."

"Yes, but I had on a pair of silk mittens all the way from home to the theater. I wore them outside the gloves."

"How horrid it must have made your hands look."

"Not so bad as you think. The mittens are soft and very pretty, and the night was very dark. Of course I couldn't wear them during the day on the street, as a rule, but I should rather do so in cold weather than suffer from cold hands."

"It will never be the style, though."

"It will always be my style, I don't care whether any one else wears them or not," replied the young woman independently. "If I can't be comfortable I don't care about being stylish. I think good sense is better than fashion, don't you?"

The reply was lost in the rumble of the train, and, when the conversation was resumed, the topic had been skilfully changed.—*New York Mail and Express.*

SECRETARY BAYARD'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Sophie Dallas Markoe's Ancestry and Her Department Work.

The public announcement of the approaching nuptials of Secretary of State Bayard and Miss Sophie Dallas Markoe has created no little comment. Miss Markoe was born in Washington and is now nearly 40 years old, although much younger looking. Her father, Frank Markoe, was the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and held several important positions in Washington. He fell into disrepute during the war because his sympathies were with the South, in consequence of which he lost a fortune and died a poor man, leaving his family in destitute circumstances.

Miss Markoe has been employed in the State department since 1879 or 1880, as has also her sister Mary, who has charge of the translation of foreign letters. At the time James G. Blaine was appointed secretary of State a law was passed forbidding two members of the same family holding positions in the same department, and he expressed himself as determined that the law should be obeyed. The heard clerk brought the Markoe case before the secretary and asked which one of the sisters should be discharged. Mr. Blaine personally examined their work and informed the clerk that one of the young ladies was indispensable to him, for her knowledge of the languages and the other kept the records in such systematic order that he would discharge neither. Miss Markoe has three sisters, two of whom are married and two brothers are married, one living in Baltimore and the other is an engineer in the employ of the government

About Poisons.

There are a few including snake poisons, that are not used as efficient medicines. That physician makes a false claim who asks for patronage mainly on the ground that his remedies are vegetable. There is no doubt that many of the best are of mineral origin.

Many poisons originate in chemical combinations. Thus oxygen and nitrogen, mechanically combined, constitute the air we breathe; but combined chemically in a certain portion they form nitrous oxide, or laughing gas; combined in another proportion, nitric acid.

The poison oak is a woody shrub that grows to the height of three feet or less; the ivy, a vine that climbs on stone walls and trees. The leaves of both are trifoliate; that is, they consist of three leaflets; common ivy has five. It is a sufficient protection to avoid every trifoliate woody plant.

Poisons exist in nature in the mineral, vegetable, and animal world. Arsenic is an instance of the first, strychnine of the second, the virus of certain serpents of the third. Those of the vegetable world are most numerous, and are, some of them, as violent as any. The essential principles of tea and coffee are poisonous, and form beautiful crystals.

Fresh meat may be made poisonous in various ways. The animal may have fed on noxious plants; or it may have been sick before being slaughtered, and the poison may be due to powerful medicines administered; or it may have been affected with a contagious disease, say pleuropneumonia. The meat may also envelops chemically a very violent poison. German sausages are pre-eminent in this respect.

The poison of poison oak, called also poison sumach (the botanical name of which is rhus toxicodendron,) and of poison ivy (rhus radicans) is particularly troublesome from the fact that the slightest handling by susceptible persons, ignorant of their character—say summer boarders from the city—give rise to a violent, burning, itching, which is sure to be communicated to every part of the body that the sufferer may chance to touch with his affected hand.

The Pope is "Well Fixed."

A foreign diplomatist gives the following account of the pope's revenue and the way in which it is spent: 1. The interest of an enormous sum left by Pio Nono to the potifical treasury, and invested in the English public funds. This interest amounts to $750,000. Leo XIII is a great speculator, and subscribes to the Italian loans in order to sell when the value rises and invest the profits in the English consolidated fund. 2. The proceeds of Peter's pence. This branch of the revenue amounts to be about $415,000. These two sums, which represent, $1,040,000 per annum, constitute the ordinary income of his holiness. It is distributed among the cardinals residing in Rome—about $5,250 per annum for each cardinal—among the prelates of the Papal court, the secretaries, the nuncios, the guards of the Pontiff's body, etc. 3. The extraordinary part of the Papal revenue is derived from the receipts of the Apostolic chancery. The items include the sums received for titles of nobility, Papal decorations, benedictions in the article of death, privileges of the altar, private chapels, dispensations, ecclesiastical titles, and many other things. The department yields about $520,000 a year. The whole annual income of Leo XIII., therefore reaches the enormous sum of about $1,500,000.

Baby Wit.

Little Ruth sat at the table and heard each remark made as the plates were passed. One wanted a "small piece." Another, "a very little," etc. When it came to her turn, she reached her plate out eagerly toward the coveted food.

"I'll take too much, if 'oo pease, papa," she said, with a naive sincerity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their Treatment. Send 2c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition.

Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'd 1870.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO
Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.

(Full Suits and Overcoats.)

One pleasure in having clothing CUT TO ORDER is that you can have things as you want them. Some men likes corner pockets, another side pockets, or an odd pocket here or there. Some want spring bottom (while by the way is out of style for only a short time), others small at another. WE HAVE NO DIFFERENCE OUR-SELVES, we cut as we are ordered. The best way, however, is to order us to cut in the prevailing style, bearing in mind to have pockets where you will do the most reaching. We will do so cheerfully, self measurement blanks, and if you mention this paper a good linen tape measure. Or, if you cannot wait for samples, tell us about what color you like, give us your WAIST, H IP and INSIDE LEG measures, together with $3, and 25c. for postage to prepaid express and pants will be made to order very carefully by agreeing to make another or MONEY REFUNDED. Upon receipt of 6 cents we mail 20 samples of cloth—latest fall and winter goods—from which you select pant, coat, vest or overcoat

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

CAN PROHIBITION BE MADE SUCCESSFUL?

We put the question in the above form, for the more ready comprehension of the point involved. It is commonly stated thus: "Does Prohibition Prohibit?" And the answer is, as a rule, made to be a negative one. But the reasoning through which such a result is made to appear is incorrect, because based upon the fallacy that if a law is infringed or violated, it is a failure.

That this is not the test of a law's value is at once apparent when is applied to any any statute except a prohibitory one. Every day the police courts of our cities are called to try cases of theft; there is hardly an issue of a daily newspaper but contains an account of burglary or robbery; shall we then say that the laws against larceny and burglary are ineffective—that they don't prohibit these things? Shall we start a crusade for their repeal, because men still steal, despite the laws?

There are stringent laws in every state against the violation of the Seventh Commandment; yet there is not a city of any size in the land in which the "social evil" is not found. Shall we then start the cry that the laws against unchastity "don't prohibit," and that therefore they must be repealed?

Yet that is exactly the ground that the enemies of Prohibition in Iowa and in the city of Atlanta are now standing upon. They are asking for the repeal of the Prohibitory law upon the ground that it cannot be enforced—that Rum is still sold, despite the law. And, to make this plea as strong as possible with the unthinking, they have falsified the facts, and made out the violations to be much more numerous than they really are.

These falsifications stirred up the friends of Prohibition in Des Moines, who recently appointed a citizens' committee to investigate and report as to the truth of alleged statements that as much liquor is sold in that city now as before the prohibitory amendment was adopted. The committee reports that the statements are untrue. When the law went into force, July 4, 1884, there were 63 licensed saloons, a score of drug stores, four breweries and one distillery, and numerous illicit places where liquor was sold. Now there is no open selling or making of liquor. The report says:

The effect upon crime has been great. The number of commitments to the penitentiary for the entire state in the year ended August, 1884, were one in 5,045 of the population; the following year one in 5,026; in 1886, one in 5,419; and in 1887, one in 6,294. For the year ending August 31, 1884, there were 27 persons sent from this county to the penitentiary; in 1885, there were 20; while for the year ending August 31, 1887, only 13. The commitments to the county jail show much the same decrease. The number of indictments by the grand jury gets less every term, while the costs in court expenses have fallen off more than one-half.

We have not been able to hear of more than one desirable citizen leaving our state because of prohibition, but of many who have come into it because of prohibition. We have received the present year a large carriage factory, with 12 hands, a large sash and door factory, one of the largest elevators in the West, the erection of a magnificent hotel, 25 business blocks, and 850 dwelling houses. In schools it has been found necessary to provide increased accommodations. Within two years 15 additional schoolrooms have been opened in the city. The schools open this year with 400 more pupils than last year.

The above report is amply proof of the fact that the law is a success in Des Moines. And if it can be made a success in that city, why not in any other?

The theory that a law is a failure unless it has no violations is an absurd one. The examples we have given above, show this clearly. No one claims that the laws punishing the various forms of theft are failures, because there are frequent violations thereof; no one declares that the statutes punishing adultery are unsuccessful because they are constantly violated; and no one lifts his voice in a loud demand that these laws shall be repealed because they are "failures."

It can be asserted, without the slightest fear of successful contradiction, that the Prohibitory enactments of the various states are quite as well observed as any other laws upon the statute-books. The plea falls, that they "don't prohibit;" for it is clear to every one that they are as well executed as are other penal enactments. Some other reason for calling for a repeal of Prohibition must be assigned, if the public is to be influenced, and the struggle for a reversal of this legislation is to go on.

But what reason can be assigned which has not been advanced, and been successfully controverted? We know of none.

The plea that Prohibition "would injure business" is disproved by the above report from Des Moines, by the workings of Prohibition in Atlanta, and elsewhere.

The plea that it "would increase taxes" has also fallen to the ground. The rapid increase of Prohibition communities in population and wealth adds to the tax valuation and decreases taxation to the individual.

The plea that "Prohibition don't prohibit" is shown to be false. What else can the Rum Power adduce as a pretext on which to ask for a repeal of Prohibitory legislation?

None, except the real one—Money.

The men who demand a recognition of the Rum traffic are those who make money out of it—the makers and sellers.

The Rum traffic is the parent of ignorance and poverty, of vice and crime; it adds to the taxes, saps the morals of the community, meddles in politics, and is at war with all that is good in humanity and in civilization; yet, because it is a mine of gold to men whose consciences are sufficiently seared to allow them to follow it, they have the temerity to ask that the legal barriers be broken down that they may renew their devilish work!

Never! Let not Iowa prove recreant to her to her trust; let not Atlanta yield to the temptings of the Rum Devil. "Keep all the territory already wrested from Rum, and go forward, conquering and to conquer," should be the motto of every one who is in earnest in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

THE President and most of the members of his Cabinet are now busily engaged in the preparation of their annual report to Congress. Attorney General GARLAND has finished his report and it is now in the hands of the President.

TUESDAY'S ELECTIONS.

At this writing, Wednesday morning, 9 a. m., it is certain that Ohio has gone Republican by a majority of 20,000 to 25,000, and FORAKER is triumphantly re-elected. New York is Democratic, Pennsylvania is, as usual, Republican. Massachusetts goes Republican by a largely increased majority, while Iowa is Republican by a smaller vote than usual. Virginia has probably a Democratic majority in the Legislature, which means a Democrat to succeed RIDDLEBERGER in the United States Senate.

THE ELECTIONS OF 1888.

Toledo Daily Blade, Nov. 4.

The following are the state elections that occur Tuesday, November 8:

Iowa elects a governor and other state officers, and the legislature.

Louisiana elects a representative in Congress from the sixth district.

Maryland elects a governor and other state officers, and the legislature, and decides whether a convention shall be held to revise the state constitution.

Massachusetts elects a governor and other state officers and the legislature.

Nebraska elects a supreme judge and two regents of the State university.

New Jersey elects its legislature.

New York elects a secretary of state, comptroller, treasurer, attorney general, state engineer and surveyor, nine justices of the supreme court, the senate and assembly, and representatives in Congress from the nineteenth and twenty-fifth districts.

Ohio elects a governor and other state officers and the legislature.

Oregon votes upon three proposed amendments to its state constitution—one of which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors; one relates to the salaries of judges, and the third changes the time of the state elections from June to November.

Pennsylvania elects a state treasurer and judge of the supreme court.

Rhode Island will elect a representative in Congress from the Second district.

Virginia elects the legislature.

The following elections have already been held this year:

California, April 12, rejected two proposed amendments to its state constitution and ratified one relating to the charter of cities.

Delaware, Nov. 1, rejected the proposition to call a convention to revise its state constitution.

Kentucky, August 1, elected a Democratic governor and other state officers and the legislature rejected a proposition to hold a convention to revise the constition of the state.

Michigan, April 4, elected two Republican justices of its supreme court and two regents of the state university and rejected two proposed amendments to its state constitution, that providing for prohibition by a vote of 178,388 yeas to 184,429 nays.

Rhode Island, April 6, elected a Democratic governor and other state officers and a Republican legislature, and rejected a woman suffrage amendment to the state constitution.

Tennessee, September 29, rejected a prohibitory amendment to its state constitution by a vote of 117,504 yeas to 145,237 nays.

Texas, August 4, rejected six proposed amendments to its state constitution, that providing for prohibition by a vote of 129,273 yeas to 121,627 nays.

Wisconsin, April 5, re-elected a Democratic associate justice of its supreme court without opposition.

THE BERRING SEA TROUBLE.

The recent dispute between the United States and the Dominion of Canada concerning jurisdiction over Behring sea originated in an objection to our claim of entire control, on the part of England, and is of the nature of a set-off against the position we assume in regard to the fisheries matter. The British and Dominion authorities recognize the justice of the American view of the latter, although the Canadians continue to maintain their opposition and their hostility to our fishermen. Indeed, no one who is capable of interpreting a treaty can fail to acknowledge that our view of the treaty of 1818 is a correct one. Therefore, with true British astuteness, the British and Dominion statemen have invented, or discovered, a set-off, and are putting a counter claim because our laws assert jurisdiction over the waters conveyed to this country by Russia in 1867.

Jurisdiction over these waters was exercised by Russia before the cession of Alaska to this country, and Congress, following the highest law of the land, has limited the use of the seal fisheries in Behring sea. British and American vessels have been seized for violating these laws, the United States having leased the fisheries to a corporation for a term of twenty years. The question now raised by the British is as to the right of jurisdiction, and our foreign opponents are helped by allies on this side of the ocean who are endeavoring to make it appear that the only party in interest in this country is the Alaska Commercial company. This, however, is simply for the purpose of obscuring the issue. The lessee is the representative of the lessor, and the United States is a good deal more deeply concerned in maintaining its jurisdiction than the company is in preserving its leasehold. As a matter of fact the government has a duty to perform to the company, and must defend it in possession of its property, or pay its value.

The attitude of the Washington administration is, to say the least, peculiar. Congress has declared that the United States have jurisdiction over Behring sea, and it has enacted laws, and authorized a lease based on that declaration. Attorney General GARLAND takes the United States position, but Mr. BAYARD takes the British view. Perhaps the latter was to be expected, but his continuance at the head of the State department grows more and more inexplicable on any grounds of statesmanship or consistency. If Russia granted this country too much, we will of course have to abandon our claim, but it can only be abandoned by direction of the law-making power if the executive is to have any regard for decency or rules of comity, which have heretofore properly obtained between the different branches of the government.

THE Democratic organs of Ohio, and in fact of the whole country, are industriously keeping their mouths shut on the extraordinary utterances of JACKSON, Mr. CLEVELAND's late minister to Mexico, at Macon the other day. JACKSON made the statement that the day of final triumph for the "lost cause" will come, and that

In that triumphant procession Abraham Lincoln shall not move as the rightful President, but Jefferson Davis, the so-called traitor leader of the so-called lost cause.

We should be glad to have the opinions of some of our Democratic brethren of the press upon the above. Do they agree with it, or not?

THE *Epoch*, of New York, a mugwump sheet, from its position on the fence, sees the Ohio campaign thus:

In Ohio there has been a clearer definition of political issues on both sides than in any of the other state campaigns, and the Democrats have shown a degree of boldness quite unusual with them in standing by some intelligible principles of revenue legislation and in upholding the administration of President Cleveland without much qualification or apology. So far as national issues are concerned, the result in Ohio will have more significance than any other election of Tuesday next.

RUSSIA hovering over the Afghan frontier with 10,000 men will not strengthen Indian finances. On that stupendous chess-board called Asia every move is that of a piece or a pawn in the game. The offering of a military contingent to the queen by the Nizam of Hyderbad was England's move. Russia's reply soon follows. Before this game is ended the result will change the face of a large part of the world.

ONE of the mudsill Democratic newspapers of the North says that the death of JEFF DAVIS would be a severe loss to the Republicans. It would be a loss borne by them with the utmost degree of Christian resignation.

THE ANARCHIST CASES.

The Supreme court of the United States has denied the petition for a writ of error asked for in the case of the seven Chicago anarchists. There is now but one person in the United States who has legal authority to save their worthless necks from the gallows—namely, Gov. RICHARD OGLESBY, of Illinois.

It is one of the growing evils of the administration of justice in this country, that the most desperate efforts are made, after a man's life is clearly forfeit, to save him from the merited penalty of his misdeeds. There is nothing more needed than a strict construction of the criminal laws, and the speedy trial and condemnation of men guilty of their violation.

In these anarchist cases, there has been a very persistent effort to save them. Extraneous issues have been lugged in—issues that have nothing in reality to do with the case. The acme of absurdity was reached in the effort to identify these men and their unholy cause with the cause of labor. Labor thrives best in times of profound peace and security, when there is nothing to make the most cautious take to sail and prepare for a storm. The anarchists were pledged to doctrines which would overthrow all law and all authority, and relegate society to the condition of barbarism.

No doubt tremendous pressure will be brought on Governor OGLESBY to commute the death sentence. He has a grave responsibility on his hands. On the one side is the safety and security of the people of the state, the upholding of the majesty and dignity of the law; on the other, the lives of seven men. Unless the governor is convinced, and can show clearly to the people, that these men, or part of them, suffered injustice in their trial, he should not interfere. This is a case in which soft-hearted sentimentality would be an outrage.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

The renewal and strengthening of the alliance among the three governments of Austria, Germany and Italy which was recently accomplished, is an additional safeguard to the peace of Europe, and renders it quite unlikely that there will be any aggression on the part of Russia, or movement looking toward "revenge" against Germany on the part of France, so long as it shall last. The military part of the alliance, which is understood to have been made stronger at the recent conference between BISMARCK and Signor CRISPI, the Italian premier, was first made six months ago, and the more general part of the agreement to resist Russian aggression was made at the same time and has nearly five years to run.

The advantages of an alliance between Germany and Austria are so patent that they need not be dwelt upon for a moment, and the desirability of being able to resist Russian aggressions has led both these powers to turn to their southern neighbor, as a power which at no point covers their purposes or policy, and whose growth brings no danger to Europe. The Austrian railroad system is already joined to the Turkish and Servian roads north from Salonica, and the commerce of the Suez canal is flowing through this channel so far as it supplies Central Europe. The tunnels which have connected the Italian railroad system with France and Northern Europe have given her a share in the same traffic. Both powers are deeply interested in preventing the eastern end of the Mediterranean or its coasts from passing under Russian, English, or French influence. The German trader, whose advance is one of the marvellous changes of the past ten years, is as deply interested as either of the other powers in guarding against the extension in the East of those Russian restrictions on foreign trade and capital which have expelled Germans from the Baltic provinces of Russia by the hundred.

And it is also to be noted that not any one of these powers has anything to fear from the territorial ambition of the other. Austria's advance must follow the centre of the Balkan, and if to secure it she might hesitate to concede to Italy the narrow strip on the Adriatic this power desires, Italian aspirations in Africa conflict at no point with Austrian aims. Italy has doubtless much to hope for from this alliance in the accomplishment of far-reaching plans. She is jealous of France. In the breast of every patriotic Italian, since the unification of his country, the belief has been rooted that Italy instead of France is the proper head of the Latin civilization. Wretchedly poor as are the masses of the Italian peasantry and incessantly depleted as they are by emigration, they yet increase so rapidly that Italy, it has been computed, must, even without territorial accessions, overtake and outstrip France in the course of a generation. Italy has a destiny which she dreams of, and has hopes of results from this alliance which are by no means unjustifiable.

THE colored laborers on the sugar plantations in the Bayou Teche region of Louisiana are on a general strike for higher wages, and there is considerable turbulence, the strikers attacking new men sent in to take their places. State troops have been sent to the scene of trouble, say the news dispatches. Of course. The idea that a "nigger" should dare to ask for higher wages, or presume to act like a free man, instead of remaining in a condition of peonage! The Knights of Labor are not allowed to push their organization in the rural districts in the South, for fear the negroes will insist on the rights which are guaranteed them in the federal constitution.

DURING the last week there has been a slight improvement in the movement of miscellaneous trade, both for produce and manufactured goods. The jobbing branches of trade are reported more active in most sections after a short lull, as the progress of the season is steadily bringing forward new sets of wants. Steadiness of prices has been a very general feature in miscellaneous merchandise, while a pretty full scale of buying has kept stocks in first hands, for the most part, in a very snug and comfortable position. In some lines difficulty is met in keeping supplies abreast of consumption. This has been notably the experience with cotton goods.

THE debt statement for November 1 shows that the custom house and internal revenue receipts are increasing; that the Treasury surplus increased $11,545,120 in October; that the treasury now has on hand $202,859,632 in gold, an increase of over $10,000,000 during the past month, and being the largest amount of gold ever held by the government at one time; that the silver now on hand in the treasury is $58,182,571, being a decrease of $5,509,000 during the month; that the silver circulation is constantly increasing, both in the form of coin and certificates, and that the quantity of national bank circulation is gradually diminishing.

THE fact that France has cut down her estimates $5,600,000, taking $1,800,000 of the amount from her army estimates, should be regarded as a slight token favorable to peace. If they were reduced a hundred millions altogether and some sublime revelation could enter into the heads of these impassioned French and Germans to the effect that the world is large enough for both people and that they might with some effort manage to live without cutting each other's throats, it would be a blessing. But nations become insane as well as men, and both these countries are monomaniacs on this one topic.

GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

Governor GORDON, of Georgia, was imported by the Ohio Democrats to aid in their campaign. He has refused to talk on prohibition, to express any opinion about "Mudwall" JACKSON's speech, and has confined himself to the role of severely lecturing Governor FORAKER, because the latter gentleman made himself obnoxious to the President and his supporters. GORDON warns the workingmen and business men that the Georgians won't buy anything from Ohio people unless we agree to keep our mouths shut, no matter what they say or do. For the benefit of the honest workingmen of Ohio, we give the following facts regarding GORDON.

In 1873, a law was passed by the Georgia legislature, authorizing the leasing of convicts from the penitentiary of that state. Three companies secured control of all the prisoners. The companies were known as "Penitentiary Cos. 1, 2 and 3." Gen. GORDON was a partner in No. 2. It appears that the convicts were taken to different parts of the state to work upon railroads and at all sorts of general manual labor.

On September 1, 1887, a suit was brought by the state's attorney to annul the contracts, and the hearing was before the Governor (GORDON). Objection was made to the Governor's hearing the case, on the ground of his being an interested party; but the point was over-ruled by the statement that he (GORDON) was no longer directly interested in Company No. 2, having transferred his interest, etc.; but it was admitted he was yet on the bond of that company. The hearing ran throughout the entire month of September, and, so far as the public prints advise us, the governor is yet withholding his decision.

During the trial it was brought out that about $20,000 was paid for the 1,550 convicts in the employ of the three companies, which would give an average of $12 90 per year for each man, or about *four cents* for the labor of each prisoner per day. For the greater convenience of the lessees, it was desired, in 1878, to establish branch prisons, and a report was secured favoring the purchase of a piece of land from Governor GORDON. An order was made and the purchase completed for a branch prison on his ground, for the use of company No. 2. All of which, we submit, makes a pretty "salty" record for the ex-brigadier on the question of convict labor. He is a nice sort of a fellow to be posing as the friend of honest labor.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

The October number of the *Shipping World*, an English commercial paper of influence, discusses the question whether free trade or protection is growing in America in the editorial article we reproduce below:

Mr. Jeans, the excellent secretary of the Iron and Steel Institute, delivered an address at the American exhibition last month, in which he stated that "America attributed her prosperity largely to the influence of protection." This statement is called in question by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, an American gentleman residing in London. Mr. Bigelow points out that in consequence of the distribution throughout the United States of Mr. Mongredien's pamphlet entitled "The American Farmer," and other free trade papers by D. A. Wells, Prof. Sumner, and others, free trade is now in the ascendency in the states, and that the election of Cleveland over Blaine "was a virtual victory for free trade."

To make Mr. Bigelow's argument complete, we should say that he also points out that the important New York dailies, excepting the *Tribune*, are continually preaching free trade principles. There is a plausible amount of truth in Mr. Bigelow's contention, and we are convinced that free trade principles are making rapid progress in America. We disagree, however, with the statement that Mr. Mongredien's pamphlet did any good; and, without at this time discussing the merits of the question, Mr. Bigelow was in many of his arguments, suffice it to say that the agricultural states of the American Union—the section of the country intended to be influenced by the pamphlet referred to—voted solid for Blaine, the avowedly protectionist candidate.

Again, it is not fair to pretend that the victory of Cleveland was a victory for free trade. It was really a personal one; and it is a simple fact that the Democrats of Connecticut declined to allow Mr. David A. Wells to make free trade addresses within that doubtful state during the Presidential campaign. Moreover, the Democrats of Pennsylvania are, for the most part, protectionists. One of their representatives in Congress, Mr. Randall, is the leader of the protectionist party in the House of Representatives. The only solid free trade party in America is that body of independent politicians now bearing the sobriquet of "mugwumps," and even they avowedly supported Mr. Cleveland against Mr. Blaine upon personal grounds.

We hardly feel disposed to stop further, and predict that the platform upon which the Democratic candidates of 1888 shall stand will contain no outspoken declaration in favor of free trade. If, however, the party should carry the election, as is altogether likely, and secure a majority in both houses of Congress, then it is more than probable that a long stride in the direction of free trade will be taken early in the career of the new administration.

THERE has been sent out from London a little pamphlet, compiled by PATRICK CHALMERS, a fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and entitled "The American Philatelic Association and Adhesive Postage Stamp." Its salient object is to "demonstrate the wide and powerful recognition now obtained in behalf of JAMES CALMERS as having been the originator of the adhesive postage stamp." PATRICK CHALMERS is JAMES CHALMERS's son, and he surely honors himself in thus endeavoring to honor his dead father. It will be hard, however, to remove from the public the impression that ROWLAND HILL was the father of the adhesive stamp, just as it has been impossible to correct the notion that CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was the original discoverer of America. It appears, according to the evidence adduced by Mr. CHALMERS, that JAMES CHALMERS invented the adhesive stamp in August, 1834, and that it was subsequently adopted by Mr. HILL in perfecting his scheme for penny postage. The greater renown of Mr. HILL as the father of penny postage has absorbed that which should pertain to the inventor of the stamp that made penny postage practicable.

THERE is a vague feeling among those engaged in the iron and steel interests that an excess of production is soon to be encountered in consequence of the large new additions to manufacturing and producing capital beginning actively to yield. Considerable comment has been caused in the East by the sale of a round lot of steel rails by a Pennsylvania mill at $34, laid down at Boston, which is said to be equivalent to $30 at the mill. This is much the lowest price since the boom set in, a year and a half ago. Pig irons are being taken only for the current wants of mills, foundries and shops, and some grades are being sold at concessions, but, in the main, current consumption for the past week has been about equal in dimensions to current production, and values have been about even.

ANOTHER Nihilist plot is reported to have been discovered in St. Petersburg. A number of bombs were found and arrests made at the place of rendezvous.

CLEVELAND'S ATTITUDE.

CLEVELAND has in his mental make-up the possibilities of a tyrant. He believes in one-man power. He regards the United States government as a personal one, and allows no law of Congress to stand in his way if he desires to take the opposite course. This trait of character is clearly shown in the dispute over the Behring sea fisheries. The United States claims jurisdiction of this island-bound sea, deriving her authority from Russia, who exercised similar jurisdiction up to the time that Alaska was sold to us. Attorney General GARLAND very properly insisted on pursuing the remedies provided in the statutes against the sealers which have been seized in Behring sea for violating the laws of Congress.

The President and secretary of state differed from him. They hold that Russia had no right to grant us jurisdiction over the matter in dispute; that Mr. SEWARD made a mistake of law in supposing that the United States acquired the rights which they have exercised since the treaty was made, and that Congress violated international laws when it authorized the lease of the seal fisheries and enacted the statutes protect the lessees in possession of that for which they pay to the government $100,000 a year. It now turns out that the President himself has ordered the return of the sealers which were seized in 1886, on the ground that the United States have no jurisdiction over waters beyond the three-mile limit, which order meets the approbation of the secretary of state.

According to this view of our rights and powers, the sealers which have been seized this year should also be returned. But not a single vessel has been surrendered, and the President's order has been as the blowing of the idle wind. Not only have no steps been taken to obey it, but the department of Justice is proceeding to condemn the vessels as if the President had approved the seizures.

It cannot be said that there is really anything new in the President's attitude. He seems to have a lofty contempt for the opinions and for the enactments of Congress. But he ought, with his lawyer's training, to have some respect for the functions of the courts of justice. He evidently, however, holds himself responsible for the conduct of the government. If Congress has made a mistake, he seems to regard it as his duty to make the proper correction without waiting for the intervention of the judiciary. He has abandoned his old theory that the functions of the Presidential office are "essentially executive."

There is an old-fashioned opinion that Congress having passed a law, it is the duty of the executive to obey it until the law shall have been declared invalid by the courts. Never before in the history of the country has a foreign government successfully appealed to the President to set aside a law of Congress. In this instance, the statute provided that none but licensed vessels should fish for seals in certain waters. The only duty imposed upon the executive was to capture vessels violating the law, and to press for their condemnation. If then the courts declared that the United States had no jurisdiction over the waters in question, the executive might refuse to make further seizures.

But as soon as British sealers were captured, Minister West appealed to Mr. Bayard, who laid the question before the President. The latter did not wait for the action of the courts, but, in effect, ousted them of their jurisdiction. He assumed to possess a power which has not been given him, and he flatly refused to obey a law which he has sworn to uphold. There never has been such an exhibition of arrogant ignorance by a President of the United States. The President of the United States has no more right to order the release of the sealers on the ground that a law of Congress is invalid than he has to decide on the constitutionality of the entire body of national legislation. He is a dangerous man, for he runs to the role of tyrant.

THE MACON BLOW-OUT, AS SEEN BY AN OHIOAN.

Apropos of the visit of Governor GORDON, of Georgia, to Ohio, and the gushy talk concerning it by the mudsill Democratic organs, who recognize the South as having a God-given right to rule this nation, we shall make a few quotations from a letter, written by a former Toledoan, a well-known resident of the Third ward, who is now in the South. The letter was written to a friend in this city, who allows us to use it:

I note that Gordon is talking in Ohio. Now I have a great deal of respect for him as a brave soldier, even if in a bad cause; but as a politician, he is as bad as the worst. My idea is that he is making a strong bid for the second place on the ticket for 1888. In the South he is popular, especially with the old Confederate soldiers, and I really think he is a man much above the average; but to win success, I'm afraid he forgets.

For instance, I note he says there were but a half dozen Confederate flags in Macon at the Jeff Davis reunion, and that the Johnson mansion, where the old traitor stopped, was a bower of stars and stripes; also that the carriage in which he rode was covered with flags.

Now, *I was there*, and in order to see the whole thing, put on a Confederate badge, got in the ranks, and marched with the old rebs until I feared to remain longer; but I got within 20 feet of Davis, saw and heard all that was said, if there was a "Yankee" flag (except one small one, carried by a little boy) I did not see it—on the house, grounds, or in the ranks. But I did see more than 50 rebel flags in Macon on that day, and I heard more outspoken treason than I have heard since the '60's.

When Jeff took the flag of the 3rd Georgia, tattered and torn in four years of war, and kissed it, and his wife and daughters wept over it, the scene was simply indescribable. I can only fancy its equal in those of the French Revolution.

This was judged by me a good time to leave the company I was marching with. I was actually afraid of bodily harm, so wild was the feeling. It was a gathering such as you have no conception of. I never saw its equal, and I've seen a good deal.

The scenes at Macon, the rabid utterances of treason, so strongly impressed the writer of the letter that he goes on to say:

I tell you we are making a mistake in allowing the South to walk too rapidly into political position, Mr. Gordon to the contrary; and I hope Foraker will have 50,000 majority. I had gotten somewhat lukewarm myself, and thought perhaps we were too severe, and should let up; but this trip has settled me. It is a matter of charity and kindness to the whole South that one should check Democracy in the North, and let them understand that there is loyalty and firmness in the North, and it will not be hampered with. I go North in a few moments, and gladly.

MME. JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT, the famous "Swedish Nightingale," died in her home in England on the 2d. She was 66 years of age. JENNY LIND visited this country on a professional tour 37 years ago, and received an ovation wherever she appeared. As a singer she had no equal in all the world at that time, and personally she commanded universal respect by her exemplary and modest womanhood.

IT is believed at Washington that CLEVELAND will, very soon, reorganize his Cabinet, by transfering Mr. LAMAR from the head of the Interior department to the Supreme court to fill the vacancy there existing, transferring Colonel VILAS from the head of the Postoffice department to the head of the Interior department and appointing DON M. DICKINSON, of Michigan, to be Postmaster General.

NOTWITHSTANDING a very protracted fall drouth, advices from the country indicate that the winter wheat and grass in the winter-wheat group of states is looking remarkably well. Recent weather conditions have improved the status of the cotton crop in the northern half of the belt 5 to 7 per cent., and also somewhat in the Southwest.

THE Southern free traders are getting scared over the steady growth of protection sentiment, and are to hold a general pow-wow at Atlanta before Congress meets. Talk won't stop the spread of truth.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

XXXI.—The Coming Contest.

As the time for the assembling of Congress draws near the subject of the reduction of the revenue excites increasing interest and discussion; partly because it seems to be well determined that the accumulation of a surplus must be stopped, but, largely, also, because in determining how that shall be done tariff and internal revenue issues will be raised.

In short, it is the system of protection of our domestic industries upon which the contest will be waged.

If the reasons to be urged by the free trader for a reduction of import duties be that the government's revenue must be reduced, he must stultify all his utterances in past discussions.

The very gist of all the arguments hitherto presented in favor of reduced duties has been that the revenues would not be lessened thereby, but increased, as the lower cost of foreign goods would enlarge the importations.

If logic be worth anything and consistency worth anything in public debate and legislation, the advocate of lower duties is estopped from seeking to reduce the revenue by that means.

Let him do what he can to break down the protective tariff, but let him do it on the ground that he wants to open our market more widely to foreign manufacturers and to confuse as much as possible our domestic industries.

XXXII.—The Only Way They Can Do It.

The only way to reduce revenue from this source is to place the articles to be reduced on the free list. Is this what our opponents seek?

Now, in order to effect a reduction of $100,000,000 a year it would be necessary to make free, for instance, woolens, silks, iron and steel, cotton goods, earthenware and china, glass and glassware, leather and manufactures of, rice, live animals, barley, hay and hops. All of these articles yielded a revenue in 1886 of $99,000,000.

Imagine the dire effect of placing all these articles on the free list! Yet that is about what would have to be done if the surplus revenue is to be eliminated by altering the tariff.

Turn for a moment to what protection has done for the same industries. Since 1860 our manufacturers have increased from an annual product of $1,800,000,000 to $7,000,000,000, the new industries in the Western and Southern states alone since that period greatly exceeding the product of the whole country in 1860. The silk and pottery industries have been created almost entirely within that period.

Now it may be asked, with no doubt as to the answer, have prices of any of the protected commodities been advanced because of the protection? Is it not true that they have been reduced by the competition fostered? And have not the people at large profited by cheapened living on this account more than they would have done under a different policy? It is far the wiser plan to reduce the internal revenue tax, pay off the debt, make internal improvements and create a mercantile marine. Consumers do not feel the tax on imports and the surplus need not be hoarded.

XXXIII.—Industries Built Up by the Tariff.

The iron industry, which gives larger employment to labor than that of any other interest in America, has grown to its present magnitude by means of our protective tariff. The silk industry has shown more development in the last decade than in a century previously, and is attributable to the same cause. In fact, the growth of our textile manufacturing interests has been unprecedented under protective legislation. Through the fostering care of the latter, improvements in machinery have been so perfected and labor so generally diversified, that the mass of our population are better housed, fed and clothed, and our wage-workers better paid than in any other country on the face of the earth.

The tariff, by the great stimulus which it has imparted to home production of nearly all kind, has not only vastly cheapened the necessaries, and even luxuries of our people, but has also enabled us to control and supply our home markets in such goods and wares as the masses of our population consume.

The country generally has been bettered to the extent of thousands of millions by the effects of our protective tariff. While the East and the Middle states under its fostering influence have had years for the development of their manufacturing interests, the South has just started in its new era of industrial growth, and for years to come will need like protecting care.

To adopt free trade now in whole or even in part would be the means of not only crushing out infant industries there and in the great West, but would put a pall, an incubus upon the internal industrial development of this country that centuries of free trade could not remove.

Were free trade to go into effect we would see a repetition on a larger scale, of the earlier days of our national history, when Europe flooded our markets with her products until our manufacturing industries were almost ruined.

The manufacturers of England, France and Germany in iron, steel, cottons, woolens, silks, etc., who are seeking outlets for their surplus in every loophole and corner of the earth, want no finer opportunity than the inauguration of free trade in this country. They could afford to spend tens and even hundreds of millions for some years to come in flooding our home markets with their goods and wares at prices below the cost of production, and thus paralyze our domestic industries beyond the power of resuscitation. They have done it before, and will do it again if they get the chance.

XXXIV.—The Sugar Tariff.

The tariff on sugar ought to be reduced or entirely removed. Sugar is, in those respects relating to the tariff, very nearly like tea and coffee. It is produced to but a limited extent in this country. The tariff on sugar protects a minor American industry only. It would be much better to pay a bounty to the small number of sugar manufacturers in this country than to retain the tariff on the vast amount that is imported.

The following table is an argument in itself, without interpretation or comment. It tells its own incontrovertible story:

	Tons.	Value.
Imported sugar, amount and value	996,569	$76,723,266
Domestic sugar, amount and value	100,876	8,074,400

It will be seen that more than nine-tenths of all the sugar consumed in the United States is imported from abroad. The Louisiana and other producers of sugar supply less than one tenth of the entire demand of the country. The tariff on sugar protects nobody. It is a tax on consumers without benefit to producers. It is a tax which increases the price of the commodity while benefiting no industry of the country to any appreciable extent. To reduce or abolish the duty on sugar would not increase importation, because almost the entire demand is now supplied by importation.

The sugar duty last year produced $51,766,922. By removing the duty the revenue would be depleted to this amount, and no great national industry would suffer. A bounty might and should in that case be paid to the Louisiana and other home sugar producers amounting to as much as the protection that they now enjoy. The money required for that purpose would be $5,000,000. This sum would be yielded by making the duty on sugar one-tenth what it is at present. The removal of this tariff would reduce the price of sugar and absolutely prevent any corner or conspiracy to raise it.

These arguments do not apply to the great American industries protected by our tariff laws. In the case of these manufacturers the facts are reversed. As regards iron and woolen goods, for instance, the supply is nine-tenths of domestic and one-tenth of foreign origin. To repeal the tariff laws protecting these great interests would place the supply of the articles produced by them under the control of great and powerful foreign syndicates, by which our industries would be paralyzed, and home enterprise, business and finance, would be throttled for the benefit of foreign monopolists.

In short, commodities of which we produce nine-tenths of all that enters into popular use, should be protected by adequate tariff laws. Commodities of which we import nine-tenths of all that enters into popular use should be admitted duty free, bounties being paid to encourage the small producers of such commodities in this country.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

FROM CRANKS, DELIVER US!

"He is a crank!" This exclamation, pronounced with varying inflections, has come to be a very common one. Sometimes it is spoken with an emphasis which says simply that the fact cannot be questioned. Again, there is a touch of sarcasm that declares the disgust of the speaker for the character thus announced. Often it is uttered in exactly the same tones that would be employed in saying "He is a fool!" It all depends upon the temperament of the individual speaking.

Cranks are undoubtedly very numerous, and perhaps never more so than just at the present time, when so many social matters have been unhinged from their old places and are awaiting a settlement. Religious views, too, have changed to a most wonderful degree, and the natural consequence of all this upheaval of old beliefs that once seemed as firmly fixed as the hills, is the production of enthusiasts in every line of thought, with opinions which, in their own consciousness, they believe should govern the world. They may or may not be cranks, though hasty judgment is apt to pronounce them so.

"What constitutes a crank," is the question. Where should the line be drawn to separate the enthusiast who is working for a reform, who is radical in his beliefs and determined to make them accepted, and the person who can be counted a crank? That a distinction should be made, seems to be really important, for the habit of using the word indiscriminately, is growing so strong, that to be radical in anything is to challenge the opprobious epithet which many times works rank injustice.

When a person becomes so permeated with an idea that he grows into its walking impersonation, when he is utterly unable to fix his thoughts upon anything else, when he introduces it upon all occasions and under circumstances that render it, however good, offensive, when he condemns as utterly unworthy of respect all who differ with him even in degree, when friends are uncounted or neglected in his eagerness to forward his own views, then he becomes a crank. Enthusiasm does not make a crank. An individual may be as radical as possible and yet be in no sense a crank. With all his confidence in his own beliefs he yet knows the time and place to urge them. He

IN PRAISE OF CLEVELAND.

How He Has Fooled the Mugwumps.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Friends, Americans, Minnepaulians, lend me your ears,
And if I return them not never believe word of mine again.
I come not to buy Cleveland, but to praise him.
For if all the evil he hath done shall live after him
He does most sorely need praise
That it may be interred with his bones.
Brave, under leave of Garland and the rest
(For Garland is an honorable man;
So are they all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cleveland's eulogy.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me
(Although he played the devil with the mugwumps),
And I am going to stick to him.
But George William Curtis says he is a civil service reformer,
And Curtis is an honorable mugwump.
Who ought to know, but he doesn't.
For hath not Cleveland brought many Democrats to Washington?
An unwashed, gaping, hungry crew,
Who will from the surplus their empty maws fill.
While competent Republicans are discharged
Because they are offensive partisans.
Did this seem in Cleveland duplicity?
When the poor mugwumps have cried Cleveland hath wept;
Duplicity should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Curtis says this was not duplicity,
And Curtis is an honorable mugwump.
So all did see me on the Potomac
Try to interview him once
About Eugene Higgins and his letter to officeholders.
But once I failed I lamentably fail;
And thrice I did present him with a cigar,
Which he did thrice refuse,
Because the brand was too cheap for him.
Was that duplicity?
Yet Curtis says it was not;
And Curtis wouldn't lie about it,
For sure he's an honorable mugwump.
I do not speak to disprove what Foraker spoke,
For every word was true.
Nor would I tamper with the severity of Fairchild's rebukes,
Because you all do know how just they were,
And how Cleveland did shiver and cower before them.
But I am here to speak what I do know,
To admit that he is old and grizzled,
That he shows the marks of some dissipation
And sowed his wild oats betimes;
But he is President now, and that should be forgotten,
For is not his wife an angelic lady,
And for such a sweet mistress of the White House,
What matters it if he be a blooming chump of the first water?
He cannot help that he is fat and gross,
Is beak-nosed and bald-headed;
Or that his collar and his hat be of the same dimensions,
Any more than he can convert his girth to brains,
And would you call this duplicity?
You all do know this mantle,* I remember
The first time Cleveland ever put it on;
'Twas on the 4th of March, in Washington.
It was fair to look upon, full of pledges and promises.
But now what is it?
Full of holes where pierced those pledges through.
Look! this place was made by the flag order;
And here's what a rent his pension vetoes made;
Through this he stabbed his well-beloved mugwumps,
Yet when he plucked the cursed steel away
Mark how the foolish mugwumps followed it.
I am no orator as Foraker is,
Or I should tell you more
That would stir your blood
At his rank partisanship and base duplicity,
Though all the rest do deny it;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
And show you the wounds in the armor of his honesty,
And bid the poor dumb mouth speak for me
And tell you of his petty deceits,
His colossal egotism,
His supera ignorance,
His demagogic traits,
And ward-heeler manners,
With all the wiles of the pot-house politician;
But, alas! I have not the eloquence of a Foraker,
And will not ruffle up your spirits,
Nor put a tongue in every one of your indignities,
But bid you gaze upon
His hulking carcass,
And see wherein he deserves your love.
He was my friend, and I can only speak in praise of him,
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth
To say ought that would tarnish
So fair a fame.
So bid me stop, gentle friends,
Or I shall praise him forever.

—MARK ANTHONY.

*Mantle—Cloak.

POOR LITTLE BATTENBERGS.

Princess Beatrice's Children Not Royal—Never Can Marry Royalty.

The Princess Beatrice's marriage was morganatic, as was that of the Princess Louise, and her children are not born royal, and nothing that the queen can do will ever make them so. Of course so long as the queen lives things will go on *smoothly enough with the Battenbergs*. But in the future reign their anomalous position at court would be exceedingly unpleasant, and bad as things would be for them in England it would be far worse for them at Berlin, Vienna or St. Petersburg. These children of the Princess Beatrice cannot marry into any of the royal families of Europe, and the queen acts neither kindly nor judiciously in making so much elaborate fuss about her youngest daughter and her family, as when they find themselves reduced to their proper level, the fall will be all the more severely felt in contrast to their present preposterous exaltation.

How They Detect Criminals in Turkey.

It was the Sultan Abdul Medjid who was robbed, he who was known and loved for his gentleness and nobleness. He had been to say his prayers, like all good Mussulmans, and then to eat his dinner, and while at dinner his jewel room had been entered and a tray full of jewels was carried off.

The jewels in the sultan's palace are bought or sometimes confiented and kept to be distributed as rewards of merit, or as gifts to the nurses who bring tidings of the birch of an heir or heiress, or perhaps, to give to a new favorite wife, and there always was a large collection and it was also very valuable.

There was no person whom the officers could suspect, no one who could have approached the cabinet in which the jewels were deposited, unless it was the two Croatians who worked near that part of the garden of the palace that day. These two unfortunates were seized and searched. Not the slightest thing was found in their possession which would tend to criminate them, but still it was thought they might have had confederates, and they were given to the prison authorities, who put them to torture again and again on the rack to make them confess, but always useless. They were brothers, tall strong, hansome fellows, and men who were born to a heritage of courage and determination, and when they were given a respite from their torture they always declared their innocence.

At last the chief prison authority thought of a method of making them confess, knowing them to be brothers. He had them brought out together and announced his intention of applying "the bell" to the younger brother, hoping that the elder would speak to save his brother, though he would not for himself. The bell was made of iron, and had the shape of a hogshead, and was the size, and hung upon a chain held by an immense crane. This bell was heated red hot and let down over the doomed man's head to the floor, inclosing him in its fiery embrace. Whether the brothers were innocent or not no one ever knew. They both denied and both passed under the bell. One, the elder, died in its fiery torture, while the other was burned and blistered so that his face, hands and arms were horribly disfigured ever afterward, and he was totally blind. His lips were burned away, leaving his white teeth showing forever in a horrible, mocking smile.—*Cor. Brooklyn Times.*

Cigars Made from Paper.

Smokers will be interested to know that not a thousand miles from Albany there is a firm which makes large quantities of paper for this avowed purpose. The plan of operation is said to be this: The paper on reaching the tobacco warehouse is repeatedly soaked in a strong decoction of the plant. It is then cut up and pressed in molds which give to each sheet the venation of the genuine leaf tobacco. So close is the imitation that expert tobacco men and habitual smokers have been deceived. At a recent gathering in this city cigars made from this paper tobacco were passed around and declared excellent. Many of those present declared that the cigars were made from rare brands, and so well was the imitation carried out that one man actually insisted that there could be no mistake about the cigars being genuine tobacco.—*Albany Express.*

And so Say We All of Us.

"There is no more disagreeable person on earth," said a quiet gentleman, "than the strong man who, every time he shakes hands with you, squeezes your fingers to a pulp, or every time he meets you on the street catches the tenderest spot on your arm and pinches it until you wince. The man who slaps you on the leg when he comes to sit down with you ought to be treated to the same dose, and I think there ought to be framed a general statute to provide for the punishment of the big men who seize every opportunity to make themselves intolerable to men with less muscle than they have done.—*New York Tribune.*

Offer No. 173.

FREE!—To MERCHANTS ONLY: An elegant silver-plated Water-Pitcher, frosted and richly carved; height, 13 inches. Address at once, H. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

THE REBEL FLAGS.

A Nashville Man Raises His Voice in their Defense.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 3.—[Special wire.]—Mr. G. W. Gifford, a gentleman well known to the business men of Nashville and Tennessee, was present at the reunion of ex-Confederates at Macon, Ga., which Jeff Davis attended, and stood within a few feet of him during the scenes of the review of which the Northern Republican press have had so much to say.

Mr. Gifford located in Nashville at the close of the war, and has been a member of two of the largest wholesale firms in the city, McAlister, Gifford & Co.

At present he is general agent for Tennessee and Southern Kentucky of several large manufacturing concerns. No citizen is more highly respected. Mr. Gifford is a pronounced Republican and an ex-Union soldier.

He is a member of the George H. Thomas post No. I, G. A. R. He has just returned from Georgia, and in an interview last afternoon, said:

"I have no desire to parade my name in print nor seek to be officious. I trust that those who know me do not regard me as a sensation seeker or maker, but I feel it my duty as an American citizen to protest against the wrong which is being done the people of the South, and more particularly of Georgia, in the publications which are being made by leading journals of my party in regard to the conduct of ex-Confederates at the Macon reunion, and that of Mr Davis. Every man who knows me knows that I was a Union soldier and have always been a firm Republican in politics.

"It is true that the alleged incidents which are made the basis of this assault by the Northern and Eastern press occurred in Georgia, but the assault is widened until it is sought to reflect upon the loyalty of the whole South. I was in Macon nearly a week, from Friday night to Saturday morning of the next week.

"I was there on business, but by many old friends among the ex-Confederates, I was never so royally entertained in my life. They knew I was a Union veteran, but that made no difference. Some of the boys who used to wear the gray asked me why I did not wear my Grand Army badge, saying they would like to see our badge alongside their own.

"A pressing invitation was extended to me and other Union soldiers to drop in line with the ex-Confederates and march side by side with them. I have never in my life seen a city so generally and handsomely decorated as Macon was. There were a few Confederate flags fluttering, but these were principally in front of saloons and undoubtedly them were placards stating the saloon was "Confederate headquarters," the device evidently being a sharp dodge by the saloonkeeper to attract custom. I saw a few Confederate flags on private buildings, but I wish to say I did not see a single Confederate flag on a house which was not surrounded with scores of the national flags.

"The national colors were flying from all directions. I never saw them so handsomely and numerously displayed before in my life. The occasion was a reunion of ex-Confederates to greet their old president before he died, and I was not surprised to find these Confederate emblems, but I say as a Union soldier, jealous of this cause I fought for, that those emblems were there, I could plainly see, merely as a tender tribute to the past and the magnificent decorations with the national colors, the thousands of national flags and the whole conduct of the people evinced a loyalty to the Union, which no man could possibly avoid recognizing.

"I was standing within 10 feet of Mr. Davis on the front porch of Col. Johnson's residence when the meeting between him and the Confederate veterans, about which so much misrepresentation has been made, occurred. I saw the chair brought out and the old man take his seat in it. His wife and daughters were about him. Mr. Davis was feeble one could see at a glance; he was much excited and so weak that his family and friends feared the effect of the trying ordeal on him. When the head of the column entered the yard and advancing to the railing of the porch, begged to shake hands with him, his wife and daughters took hold of his arms and begged him to keep his seat, reminding him of his feeble condition.

"They were evidently alarmed about him, and viewed his excitement with undisguised trepidation. While they were imploring him to be calm and remain where he was the flag was pushed forward to the railing. Mrs. Davis leaned forward and, plucking a shred from its torn folds, fell back in her chair and began to weep. The scene was such that no man could have resisted its pathos. The old man who would have presided over a lost cause and now, for the last time, he knew, was in the presence of those who had once followed him and were bidding him an earthly farewell.

"Not an eye in that vast assemblage was dry. Men wept—yes—but their tears was not disloyalty to the Union, but wrung from them by the sadness of the scene. Union soldiers who were there wept, and are not ashamed of their emotion. It was in this excitement that the flag was pushed forth to Mr Davis. Rising with an effort, he convulsively snatched the folds and pressed them to his lips, then fell back into his chair exhausted. Then arose cries for Governor Gordon.

"He stepped to the front and delivered a speech which was as loyal to the Union as any John Sherman ever made. When he referred to the perfect union of the sections to-day under one flag, the cheering was louder and more spontaneous by far even than that which greeted the incident of the flag.

"No man could have looked upon that assemblage and heard their shouts and honestly entertain the faintest idea that these people was disloyal to the Union. The flag was not torn to pieces by men eager to preserve relics of the emblem which Jefferson Davis had kissed as the Republican press charge.

"It was quietly borne away and not a shred was taken from it except that by Mrs. Davis. I walked among the thousands of ex-Confederates at Macon, and talked with hundreds, and I declare with all sincerity and truthfulness, that I did not see or hear a single thing which indicated any antagonism to the Union.

"I remember that when it was all over I was talking with a party of men who had fought for the Union, and happened like I, to be in Macon on business, and some one remarked that he wondered if any attempt would be made by the Republican press to misrepresent the occasion and we agreed that those who seek to make the people of other sections believe that those ex-Confederates had acted as enemies to the Union, and given vent to disloyal sentiments, would be nothing short of gross injustice, and that no man would have the depraved imagination to attempt to do so unless he was a sensational newspaper correspondent.

"As men we felt that we would be recreant to our sense and conscience if we failed to recognize the loyalty of those veteran soldiers, now our peaceful fellow-citizens. I see that the North has done a great wrong. I know the injustices of the charge and I feel it my duty to say what I know.

"It would be a base ingratitude to the people among whom I live, if I did not raise my voice to protest against this misrepresentation. One little incident will illustrate the temper of the people. I had occasion to spend a good deal of time at the depot looking after freight and frequently stopped to look at the gaily decorated cars which had brought Mr. Davis from Mississippi. There were many flags on it, but every one was the flag of our nation."

Facilities of Railroads.

The public has become so accustomed to the facilities for business offered by the railroads that the actual service they have done toward cheapening the necessities of life is apt to be overlooked. A magazine published in Philadelphia in 1818 gave the following as an item of news: "In the course of the twelve months of 1817 12,000 wagons passed the Allegheny mountains from Philadelphia and Baltimore, each with four to six horses, carrying from 35 to 40 hundredweight. The cost of carriage was about $7 per hundredweight, in some cases as high as $10, to Philadelphia. The aggregate sum paid for the conveyance of goods exceeded $1,500,000."—*Alta Californian.*

Making a Name.

"So you are married?" said a traveling man to a friend.

"Oh, yes. Married over a year ago."

"Given up all your ideas about fame and glory, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, sir. I always said I would make a name in the world."

"Yes."

"Well, I've done it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I superintended the christening of our baby last week."

Do It.

Reader, send your address to us and learn how to make a considerable sum of money pleasantly and honorably. Industrious people of both sexes, young or old, make $5 a day and upwards, and at the same time live at home with their families. Many are making several hundred dollars per month. The work is not hard to do, and no special ability is required. Grand success awaits every worker. Capital not needed; we start you free. Every person who reads this who wishes rapidly to make a large sum of money, should write at once; a sure thing. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THEY WERE KIDNAPED.

Terrible Experience of Two Young Men Who Were Decoyed Upon a Baltimore Oyster Boat.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Two young men, shoeless and hatless, with tattered clothes, weatherbeaten faces, and dejected and despairing manner, applied for lodging at the First precinct station house last night. They gave their names as Edward T. Curran and John H. Scrivener, and on being questioned by the officer in charge, they told a story to the effect that they were kidnaped at Baltimore just one month ago, and have been kept on board an oyster boat until they escaped by taking to the water and swimming for nearly a mile, while their captors were too hopelessly drunk to interfere.

Their story was so straightforward and the references they furnished so unquestionable that there can be no doubt of its truthfulness. Both of them are telegraph operators. Curran is 19 years of age, and has been employed at the Produce Exchange in New York, while his friend, Scrivener, had gone to New York from Atlanta to pay him a visit, both intending to return to Atlanta together. They were fairly well provided with money, and having purchased their through tickets they left New York a little more than a month ago.

Arriving in Baltimore they determined as neither of them had seen the city, to stop off for a few hours. Accordingly they left the train at the Union depot and started to walk about the streets. Before proceeding far they were accosted by a neatly dressed and pleasant looking young man, who seemed to be exceedingly kind, and who told them more about the city than they could have learned in a week's stay. In their gratitude the two youths confided to their new friend considerable information concerning themselves, including their projected trip to Atlanta. This last bit of information was received by the stranger with every manifestation of delight.

He was going to Norfolk, Va., on the following day in his yacht, he said, and he invited the two young men to accompany him. They did not accept the invitation, however, but they consented to accompany him on board the vessel merely to inspect it. Accordingly the trio hastened to the water front, where the stranger quietly conveyed them to a large sloop lying a short distance out. Their new acquaintance suddenly informed them that he must return to the shore for a few moments and he requested them to await his return. They were immediately ordered to work by the captain, and on crying loudly to the shore for help were beaten and imprisoned in the hold.

They were released when the sloop was well down the bay. Arriving at the Hunga river they were put to work dredging for oysters, receiving kicks and blows for every moment they were idle or made the slightest mistake. At first Curran and Scrivener thought that by appealing to these oyster traders, that they would be aided to escape; but, after one or two appeals, which were laughed at by those to whom they were addressed, they resigned themselves to their fate.

Last Saturday night the captain and mate went ashore and returned in the evening drunk. The young men determined to make an effort for liberty. The shore was nearly a mile away, but they determined to swim for it. They finally reached the shore and landed half fainting and entirely naked in a strange country at the dead of night. They managed, however, to find a telegraph operator at the little village of Crapo, where they landed, and he found them shelter and some clothing very much the worse for wear.

The operator also furnished them with money enough to reach Baltimore, and they arrived there on last Tuesday. They at once applied to a policeman for information concerning the proper method of bringing their abductors to justice, but the officers laughed at them and told them that such cases were of frequent occurrence in Baltimore. This caused them to abandon all idea of having the oyster men arrested, and, after spending a day or two in Baltimore, during which time they were cared for by the telegraph operators, they left for this city and arrived last night. They propose to remain here, if possible, for several days, until they can communicate with some of their friends in Atlanta.

AGRICULTURE.

A Great Scarcity of Water Reported in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—The *Farmers' Review* reports continued scarcity of water for stock in many sections, especially the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Unless copious rains fall before setting in of winter many farmers will find themselves in serious difficulty in providing necessary water for stock. The continued drought in these states has greatly lessened the usual amount of fall plowing. The completion of the reports of the last four weeks on the items of water supply for stock and amount of plowing done gives the following results by states:

Ohio reports four counties water plenty, 44 counties report water scarce; two counties report more than the usual amount of fall plowing, 33 report less.

Indiana reports water plenty in six counties, and 27 counties report it scarce; two counties report more fall plowing than usual, 20 report less and seven the same amount.

Illinois reports water plenty in eleven counties, 62 scarce; sixteen counties report more than the usual fall plowing, twenty report less, seven report same amount.

Missouri reports 21 counties water plenty, 21 report it scarce; eleven counties report more than the usual fall plowing being done, three the usual and fourteen less than usual.

Iowa reports sixteen counties water plenty and 41 report it scarce; 30 counties report usual amount of plowing done, three more than usual amount, four less.

Kansas, 28 counties report water plenty, seven scarce; sixteen report the usual amount of fall plowing, seven more and eleven less.

Nebraska, 24 counties report water plenty, four scarce; seven report the usual amount of fall plowing, seven more and eleven less.

Dakota, twenty counties report water plenty; seven scarce; three counties report the usual amount of fall plowing; eight more and three less.

Michigan, nineteen counties report water plenty, four scarce; seven counties report the usual amount of fall plowing done, four more and eleven less.

FOREST FIRES.

They Continue to Rage in Illinois—Farmers Fighting the Flames.

ANNA, Ill., Nov. 8.—[Special wire.]—For a week past disastrous fires have been raging in the hill regions, the woods and the bottom lands of this section. Many farmers have been compelled to turn out and fight the flames to save their property.

Much valuable timber, fences, and even farm building have been destroyed. The woods in the vicinity of Villa Ridge, Pulaski county, and the bottom lands of the cache, in Alexander county are also burning, the latter fires having been started by the camp fires of movers.

The long continued drouth has made everything as dry as tinder and rain is fervently prayed for. It is hard to estimate the damage but it will be large.

A Centralia, Ill., special says: Forest fires are raging in the timber and prairies in various sections of this county and the surrounding country. A dense cloud of smoke completely obscuring the sun's rays hovered over this vicinity yesteredav, and many citizens awoke in the morning almost stifled, and their houses filled with smoke.

Several incipient fires that sprung up among the weeds and dry leaves scattered about the town was put out. The water supply is very limited, and the Illinois Central railroad has had to run trains for several miles to get a supply sufficient to keep their shops running.

Destructive forest fires have been raging for three days at Hazleton and Decker, Ind. Fences and timber were left at the mercy of the flames. The people fought the fires all night Friday to save their homes. Thousands of dollars worth of property has been destroyed. The drouth made the woods an easy prey to the flames and for a time it seemed that the destruction of the homes of many people was imminent. The people are greatly frightened. A large amount of heavy timber was destroyed.

A special from Charleston, Ill., reports heavy fires in the timber two or three miles to the south of the town. These fires have been sweeping through the fallen leaves and dry underbrush for two days, and notwithstanding the people of the neighborhood are out in force fighting the flames by burning and plowing around them they are still raging with unabated fury.

Reports from Diana, a small town ten miles southeast, say that destructive fires have also been playing havoc thereabout, and are yet burning. No estimate of the damage can be made.

$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE.

We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. Apply at once for particulars. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

KILLED BY MOONSHINERS.

The Wicked Work Continues in the South —More Murders.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 3.—Information reached the revenue agent's office yesterday that William A. Morgan, of Haralson county, was beaten to death with sticks by a party of moonshiners on the night of October 30.

This is the terrible sequal of a long story of crime in Haralson, which began last January. On January 16 Revenue Agent W. J. Colquitt and a posse captured and broke up a large illicit distillery in the northwestern part of Haralson county.

There they captured seven men. On the 14th of last month Revenue Agent Colquitt and Deputy Marshals Johnson and Rowe attempted to stop a buggy loaded with whisky. As they walked around in front of it the moonshiners fired eight or ten shots at them and finally got away.

A few days after, on the night of the 25th of October, the same party of revenue officers captured McAlpin's distillery, in the northwest of Haralson county, about three miles from the place where the big distillery was captured last January.

John McAlpin was captured, and his brother Alexander escaped.

On Sunday night a party of men went to the house of Wm. A. Morgan, who was suspected of having given the information on which the distillery was found, and beat him to death, in the presence of his wife, with heavy sticks, and when she begged piteously for his life, they knocked her on the head with one of the clubs.

The brutes probably left her insensible, thinking they had closed her mouth forever, but she recovered, and it is from her that the details of the crime went out. The facts were briefly told in an unsigned letter sent to Revenue Agent Chapman.

WANT REVENGE.

The New York Contingent Crying Out for Blood.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—At a crowded meeting of the Progressive Labor party in Germania Assembly rooms, St. E. Shevitch, editor of the *Leader*, made a speech in which he said:

I am expected to make a campaign speech, but I can't bring myself to speak calmly. This is Friday, November 4. On Friday, November 11, the greatest crime, the most atrocious murder ever perpetrated is fixed to take place in Chicago. I tell you if this crime of base murder is committed the end will soon follow. If these heroes are hanged the days of all those concerned in the outrageous murder will be reckoned, and they will not last for off when they all will have to answer for the blood they shed by every spark of life in their worthless bodies. [Loud cheers.] [Cries of kill them!] [Dynamite!]

Apparently She Did.

Miss Dewdrop—Don't you think Mr Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?

Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—How should I know?—*Tid-Bits.*

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition ,1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready or delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System; being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—**Do you see any good coming out of it?**

No. 2.—**Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

No. 3.—**Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

No. 4.—**In which village would you bring up your Children?**

No. 5.—**This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE GLASS WORKERS

Paving the Way for a Strike—A Winter of Idleness Before Them.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—[Special wire.]—Representatives of all the pressed glassware factories in New York and the New England states, and a committee representing the manufacturers of the United States, held a secret meeting yesterday at the Astor House.

The conference is of the greatest importance to the 7,000 skilled workmen, known as the Flint Glass Workers' Union of America, 3,000 of whom are employed in the Eastern district, comprising a portion of Pennsylvania and of New Jersey, New York and the New England states.

Before the adjournment of the meeting it was decided to shut down every glass factory in the East at the close of the present month. Messrs. D. C. Ripley, of Pittsburg, and E. J. Beatty, of Steubenville, O., as a committee representing the Western Flint and Lime Glass Manufacturer's association, met the manufacturers of this district.

The trouble between the glass firms and their men throughout the west has been growing for three months. In submitting the annual scale of prices the workmen demanded that the "gathering boys" be allowed in full for all glass gathered by them, irrespective of the amount ruined or destroyed by the pressers or finishers, or for what damaged ware came through the lars. The manufacturers refused this demand and avowed their determination to hold the workers responsible for their share of the work.

Under the rules of the association a strike can be proclaimed only on 30 days' notice, and, finding the glass manufacturers firm, the western glass workers gave notice of a strike.

Factories in the eastern states are not affected by this trouble, their scale being adjusted on another basis.

With the factories throughout the east running, however, a strike in the balance of the country might be prolonged indefinitely, the workmen here being in a position to contribute large sums to the support of their fellow-craftsmen.

If, however, the Eastern manufacturers could be induced to close their factories when the strike was inaugurated in the West, the New York workmen would be unable to assist, and the union would be crippled throughout the entire country.

To urge the shut-down of Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Boston factories, Messrs. Ripley and Beatty came to New York, and it is conceded as stated above. It was more readily agreed to by the Eastern firms from the fact, as alleged, there are differences existing between employers and their men in nearly all the glass factories here.

The contest will take an added interest from the fact that the war of extermination is to be waged against one of the strongest organizations of skilled labor in the country.

The glass ware trade is in good condition with good stocks on hand, and manufacturers say they can maintain a strike with ease all winter. In fact, it will be beneficial to trade.

CASES OF LEPROSY.

A Philadelphia Doctor who is Boldly Defying the Law.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—[Special wire.]—The board of health has discovered that two well-developed cases of leprosy exists in this city, but owing to the obstinacy of Dr. Vanliarligen, a German physician, they cannot be located.

At a meeting of the board of health, on Tuesday, the health officer, Dr Ford, stated that two lepers had been smuggled into the city, and that the disease was dangerously contagious.

He requested the board to search for them and have them removed to an isolated place. After some discussion it was decided to place them in the municipal hospital on the old Lamb tavern road.

The members of the board requested the representatives of the press present at the meeting to suppress the fact that there were any lepers in the city until they could be found and placed where they could do no harm.

After diligent search, the health officers discovered that the lepers are under the care of Dr. Van Harlinger, who claims to be a specialist in skin diseases. When the health officer visited him yesterday he was emphatic in his refusal to give them any information about the lepers, and said that he "did not consider it any ones business."

He was told that the visit was an official one, and that immediate steps would be taken to compell him to disclose their hiding place.

Threats were to no purpose, and the physician refused to say where he got the patients, when they arrived, or what his object was in keeping them. Steps will be taken to compel Dr. Van Harlinger to turn the lepers over to the Board of Health.

Ahead of Time.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 3.—Gov. Swineford's statement in his annual report in the territory of Alaska that Mr. Ogilvie, one of the members of the Yucatan expedition, claims that the Shitondo river, or Forty Mile creek, is in British territory, is authoritatively declared to be incorrect. Mr. Ogilvie not having reached the Shitondo river when last heard from.

FLORIDA—"Its Advantages and Drawbacks." For this complete book, Florida maps, books, lands, or tickets, address C. M. CROSBY, 99 Franklin St., New York.

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES!

You can make $10 in a few evenings at home. Goods Free to introduce them. Send us 2 silver dimes to pay packing and we will send you a package that will make you $10 inside of a week. Send for a package at once. Address, with 2 stamps,

PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

DYSPEPSIA.

To any person suffering from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, or Sick Headache, I will send an account of my own case, stating how I was permanently cured after 20 years of suffering. I HAVE NOTHING TO SELL; but for the sake of humanity will direct the afflicted to a sure and permanent cure. Address, with stamp, W. RICHER, Printer, 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

20 New Hidden name Cards, &c. 10 Album Verses, 100 Popular Songs, and Agent's Outfit FREE with every order. ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

FREE 10 articles worth $1 to all sending address, 2 postage, 10c to M. BAKER, Sabinsville, Pa. Agents wanted.

NEBRASKA LANDS for sale or trade. Address JOHN BARND, Kearney, Neb.

More men wanted for Local and Traveling Sales men. Good wages and steady work. Address for terms, E. B. Richardson & Co., Nurserymen Geneva, N. Y.

$50 monthly. Ladies only. Confidential circular free. Genesee Med. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Farmers and active men to sell nursery stock. Steady work, salary or commission. Outfit free. Stock complete. Fresh and true to name. Address E. W. Montgomery, Rochester, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA—Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. 14 years City Treasurer. Sent free to any address.

21 New Fancy Shapes of Bevel & White Dove Hidden Name Cards, 5c. Franklin Pts Co., New Haven, Conn.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we've for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list.

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville prison, and escaped to tell the story, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons of the South. Regular price, $1. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 320 pages. Original price $1.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.50.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $2.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.50.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.50.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.50.

BLADE, Toledo, O

ANY LADY CAN MAKE $100

If she will take a little trouble to make known the merits of that magnificent ladies' paper, THE HOUSEKEEPER, published at Minneapolis, Minn. Now in its 15th year. The immense popularity of this finest of ladies' papers is shown by the fact that, although no special effort has been made to obtain the immense circulation, yet the number of papers required to supply subscribers demands the enormous issue of ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND COPIES every month. The great and increasing interest which is manifested by the ladies throughout every State in the Union toward the HOUSEKEEPER has encouraged the publishers to make extraordinary offers to introduce their paper into every household throughout the land. The HOUSEKEEPER is a large, 16-page paper with departments devoted to HOUSEHOLD MATTERS, Fashions, Dressmaking, Needle and Fancy Work, Mothers' Corner, Correspondence, Home Reading, Stories, Sketches, and Poetry, Flowers, etc., and is designed to be practical in all that it teaches. The regular subscription price is $1 per year; but to new subscribers it will be sent 3 months for 10 cents. This nominal sum will not cover the expense of entering the name and furnishing the paper, and the profit to us must come from future subscriptions. Only a very few introduced here will become a favorite and for this reason only, we are willing to furnish the first 3 months at a price which barely covers postage expenses

THE HOUSEKEEPER

is edited by MAUDE MEREDITH, and numbers among its contributors such well-known writers as "Kit Clover," "Minnie Moore," Mrs. Alice M. Crockett, Dr. Steinback Wilson, Mrs. F. M. Howard, "Lillian Stanford," Eugene Secor, Mrs. L. E. Thorpe, Eva M. Niles, Dr. A. D. Binkerd, Geo. E. Hilton, Velma Cadwell Meiville, Selina Williams, Mrs. Cy Moran. Lady Housekeepers all over the land will recognize these names. In order to obtain the largest circulation of any paper in America the HOUSEKEEPER will give away its entire profits the coming year to New Subscribers, and to this end have prepared a large and magnificent list which comprises nearly every thing in use in a well-ordered household. For single and small lists of subscribers premiums of Silverware, Jewelry, Watches, Optical Instruments, Knives, Forks, Household Conveniences, China Sets, and Beautiful Ornaments, Dry Goods, Carpets and Musical Instruments are given away and can be obtained by just a little effort among your friends. Cash premiums are also given to those sending the largest lists of subscribers. The high standard of merit the HOUSEKEEPER has attained

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

FATALITY OF DELAY.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It is a curious phase of human nature, that which prompts people to put off making preparation for an inevitable until the latest possible moment, often to their own discomfort, and sometimes causing them real suffering. I have known—doubtless all of you have—persons delay making their wills, when they were perfectly well aware that if called suddenly into the invisible world, some loved one would be left to battle with poverty, while what should have made her comfortable goes to some one who has not the slightest claim upon either love or gratitude. That the making and signing a will can cause the variation of an hour in the summons to enter another world is an idea so utterly absurd, as scarcely to need consideration, were it not for the fact that so many do seem to have a sort of superstition of that kind, which frequently causes much misery. To-morrow is always a much more convenient time for an unpleasant duty than to-day, but alas! too often the to-morrow, when it becomes to-day, finds the action delayed until too late for good to be accomplished.

"My daughter only needs one year of training under skilled masters," said a fond mother in my presence once, "and then she will be ready, if it should ever be necessary for her to earn a living, to take a place with the best anywhere."

"Why do you delay?" asked a friend. 'Surely the best time possible is the present."

"Oh, I can't spare her this year, for the house would be so lonely in her absence. The next will do just as well you know, and I want to put off doing without her as long as possible."

Did the next do as well? When the year came around, the young girl was an orphan and penniless. Instead of being prepared only those who have loved wholly and lost utterly can sorrow. She is there, but he may not go to her. The memory of those cruel words rises up before him, piercing his heart with anguish, but he has no power to make her know the depths of his love and repentance. The suffering which he endures is described with a realism that makes it an absolute experience to the consciousness, and few there are who would not feel themselves, under its impression, grow strong in the resolve never to delay tender, loving speech in the way of amendment for a wrong—even though that wrong might seem at the moment a trifle.

The habit of acting promptly—not hastily, or rashly—is one that every human being should endeavor to form. Watch yourselves and see how often you put aside a decision that it is necessary to make until the last moment to which it can be deferred. Each time you do that, just so much weaker grows the power to judge clearly and act wisely; just so much more prone you become to a wavering, uncertain frame of mind, and to the disposition to lean upon others. Make your decision as to the proper course for you to take under the circumstances, and then act upon that decision promptly and fearlessly. Needless delays are apt to prove fatal.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Novel Flower Holder.—Take a stiff straw, sailor's hat, cut the top out smoothly and evenly, gild it over, then put a band around, close to the brim, of leather which has been bronzed. A band of dark blue may be painted close to the upper edge, and if one is handy with a brush, a bunch of flowers may be placed upon the side or upon the brim. A bowl, the top of which will set inside the hat will hold the flowers. Standing upon the table, the brim presents the appearance of a handsome mat, with a bowl or vase resting thereon. Of course if flowers cannot be had, it can be filled with grasses, berries and autumn leaves.

Shaving Case.—A pretty one can be made of two leaves covered with brown linen upon which is etched either with ink or cotton, a spider's web with a spider, and the motto above: "And must the weary task again be done?" For a young man who is just struggling with a first moustache, a good motto is "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." A rubber band when the leaves are folded together will hold the necessary soft paper. Bright ribbon or cord should be attached to the two sides in the middle to hang it up by.—ED.

PRACTICAL DESIGNS IN FABRIC PAINTING, NO. XIV.

No. 921, *Oranges and Blossoms:*—Size of pattern, 8x15 inches. This elegant design is suitable for ornamenting a cloth of gold panel size 9x18. A panel of this size at any art dealers costs one dollar. Stamp the design with white powder, holding it infront of a moderate fire for two or three minutes to set the stamping. To do the painting one bottle pale drying oil, one red sable brush No. 3, one No. 2, and one No. 7, one tube silver white, one tube lemon yellow, one tube cadmium yellow, one tube chrome green, one tube light zinnober green, one tube brown madder, Winson & Newton tube oil paints. Attach the banner carefully to the painting board by means of thumb tacks. Then take out some white paint and add a few drops of the drying oil. Paint oranges, blossoms and stems with this first. When dry, the natural colors may be laid on. Paint the stems and leaves in two shades of green, chrome and zinnober, adding an occasional touch of white on the leaves. The veins may be made with brown madder after the body of the leaves are dry. Paint the blossoms with white again, adding in a little lemon yellow for high lights and a touch of ivory black for the shadows. In the center of each blossom make a small oval of chrome green; let this dry and then make the stamens of lemon yellow. Make up on your palette at least four different shades for the oranges. One of green, mixing the chrome and zinnober and adding a little orange yellow and a very yellowish cast. Make another shade of cadmium and white, another shade of lemon yellow and zinnober green, and another shade of lemon and cadmium yellow. To each shade add enough of the pale drying oil to render the paint perfectly smooth.

A full catalogue of choice designs for painting sent on receipt of four cents in postage. Any questions in regard to painting answered if stamped envelope is sent for reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sl c, slip crochet.

Bare Lace.—Ch 30 st—turn—ch 8 st—fasten in 6th st—continue across this row; 3d row—ch 4—fasten in middle of 8—continue this across this row; 4th row—ch 8—fasten with a s c where other was fastened—continue this 3 times—c 8 d c—fasten with a s c—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c; 5th row—ch 4—fasten in middle of 8—continue across this row; 6th row—ch 8—fasten 3 times—c 8 d c—fasten—c 8 dc—ch 8—fasten in middle of other 8—c 8 d c; 7th row—ch 4—fasten in middle of 8—continue this across this row; 8th row—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c—fasten—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c—fasten—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c; 9th row—ch 4—fasten—continue this across this row; 10th row—ch 8—fasten—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c—fasten—c 8 d c—fasten—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c; 11th row—ch 4—fasten in middle of 8—continue this across this row; 12th row—ch 8—fasten—ch 8—fasten—8 d c—fasten—ch 8—fasten—c 8 d c—fasten; 13th row—ch 4—fasten in middle of the 8 c with a s c—continue this across this row.—CORA E. GRIFFITHS, Alpha, Ind.

Pineapple Watch Pocket.—Chain 35 stitches—turn. 1st row—pass 3 st—d c in 4 st—1 ch and d c in every other st of ch—turn. 2d row—ch 5—sh in 2d space—[3 d c—ch 2—3 d c]—ch 6—sh in center space—ch 6—sh next to last space—ch 5—fasten in the end ch of 35—turn. 3d row—Scallop—[9 d c in 5 ch]—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 4—10 d c in center sh, separated by 2 ch—ch 4—sh in sh—ch 2—d c in last space—turn. 4th row—ch 5—sh in sh—ch 4—single crochet in 1st 2 ch of center ch 4—s c in next 2, and so on across the center piece—ch—4 sh in sh—ch 5 and fasten at end of scallop—turn. 5th row—Scallop—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 4—s c in 1st 4 ch of center—ch 4—s c in next, and so on across the center—ch 4—sh in sh—d c in 5th ch of last row—turn. 6th, 8th and 10th rows like 4th row. 7th, 9th and 11th rows like 5th row. 12th row—ch 5—sh in sh—ch 4 and fasten in 4th ch of center ch 4—make half of the next sh, then fasten in the center of 1st sh of this row—then make the other half of sh in 5th ch of last row. Scallop and s c between the shells of last row. Scallop in the 5 chs of the other side—ch 5—and fasten over corners and across the top—turn and scallop these 5 chs and finish edge all around with ch 3—and fasten in every other st. Material required, three 10-yard spools of twist.—MRS. KITTIE DICKEY, Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. S. A. Philp, Lake City, Mich., writes to thank the HOUSEHOLD for reading matter sent for her Sunday-School. She says it is now well supplied, and therefore no more need be sent. There was a delay in receiving the matters, hence her delay in acknowledging them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COME IN.—A stranger is knocking at your door, will you admit her? I am not exactly a tramp, but still I would like a place in your HOUSEHOLD. I am willing to pay for my admission by telling a few things I do, and asking for a few things I want.

One thing I do, I save my salt bags, wash them and use them to make my coffee in. Put the usual amount of coffee in the bag, tie up the end leaving plenty of room to swell; put in cold water and let come to a boil, and boil five minutes. The bag can be rinsed out in cold water and used a long time. This makes lovely coffee without eggs and without grounds.

I take 2 tablespoonfuls of whiting, 2 of ammonia and 1 pt. of soft water, put in a bottle and keep to clean nickle plate, glass and silverware. Shake the bottle, take a soft white cloth and wet the dish, then rub bright with another dry one; it will keep your silver looking like new and will not injure or scratch it.

I keep my pieces of beefsteak that is left upon the platter until I have enough for my family. Put them in a stewing pan with plenty of water, salt, pepper and butter, and let soak slowly two hours, then thicken with gravy and put in some dumplings, and we have a pot-pie almost as good as chicken.

I take cold meat, slice it about one fourth inch thick, and on each piece sprinkle a little pepper, salt and dry mustard and turn some good cider vinegar over it all, let stand one hour before using. You will find it quite nice for tea or picnic lunch. And now what do I want? I think all other wants would be small, could I but see Lincoln and Foraker at the White House. Perhaps this is out of place, but I feel as if I owned an interest in those old Rebel flags, an inheritance left me by my father, who at the age of 52 gave his life in the rank of a private to capture those flags, and I say out with the man who holds the price that was paid for them so cheap, and may God forever bless our loyal governor.—MRS. W. A. WOOD, Lorain, O.

WORDS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—It is some time since I have written a HOUSEHOLD letter. Yet rest assured I continue to read with unabated ardor the editor's sensible writings, which are to me "feasts of reason," as well as the letters of our fraternal brothers and sisters.

Miss Bouton's advice to women of all classes, and especially to working women and young girls, I consider of the highest order, which, if endorsed by the women of our land, in practice as well as theory, would instigate a most desirable reformation in society at large. Give labor the "dignity" that is its due, and tear away the flimsy veil of pretense and poverty-stricken "keeping up of appearances," and society will be lifted up into a higher scale of moral purity and integrity, now sadly lacking, for one can not blame a bright, intelligent girl for shrinking at the sacrifice of caste, which she must endure by entering "my lady's kitchen," under our present social regimen. Neither can I blame the "lady" for not caring to make an equal of a servant, though tact and discrimination upon this point could be used to advantage, with beneficial results to both mistress and maid. A servant girl of established honesty and undisputed integrity, should and, I know, in many cases, can command the respect and confidence of her mistress. If a lady is a true lady, a true woman, we will say, though she roll in wealth, she will entertain too high an estimate of the worth of a trusty servant, to allow pride, prejudice, or silly vanity to play any part in her domestic economy. It is the ridiculous shoddyism of the "mushroom generation" that begets so much trouble upon this question. There are so many families that have "sprung up in a day," and who are naturally anxious to forget all antecedents who make "guys" of themselves in their awkward attempts at aristocratic ways and manners. These people will be supercilious, overbearing. And many a poor servant girl is snubbed beyond endurance by her would-be lady mistress.

In England it is not so. It is true the line is drawn distinctly between the position of mistress and maid. But that is one reason for the good faith which exists between the parties. You will find servants there so devoted to their "family," where they and their ancestors have worked and lived and loved for generations, that all thought of "caste" is buried in oblivion, and the "family" on the other hand, look upon them as indispensable members of that family. If we could institute some such regime here, there would not be such a constant change of help, nor such a scarcity of help, nor such a complaining of dishonesty and unfaithfulness. Girls going into a family, to be treated with due consideration and confidence, would take pride in their position, in their work, in their pleasant surroundings, in everything connected with the place.

As to such questions as eating and associating with the family, I say, "circumstances alter cases." A well behaved, neat, orderly servant is not out of place at the mistress' side, where she can anticipate her wants, and "wait upon table" as deftly and efficiently as if standing behind her chair. In case of company, it should be a matter of common sense and not of silly pride for the girl to do as her mistress would have to do in her absence. (Though I have seen girls willing to sit at tables and let the mistress do the waiting.) Things can be reversed, you know. And in a country community it is sometimes a fearful task for a lady of sensitive nerves to "draw the line," be it ever so gently.

Then again, an army of servants would naturally prefer to eat by themselves, and associate by themselves. With tact and good management upon the part of the "lady of the house" and good will and good method, a thorough understanding of her business upon the part of the girl, all things could be adjusted gracefully and harmoniously. But so long as our purse-proud ladies raise their eyebrows upon the entrance of a servant girl, greeting her in supercilious tones, with cutting remarks, treating her rather as a slave than a free-born American, so long will there be need to depend upon slip-shod, shiftless, inefficient help. There are so many avenues of usefulness open to our women nowadays that American women at least will not bear the yoke of bondage imposed upon the "kitchen maid;" nor do I blame her. This a is free and independent country, and the girl in the kitchen is just as free and independent, has just as good a right to woman's rights, as the lady in the parlor or the "President of the society for the advancement of woman's rights" herself; or as the President of these United States himself, if he is a man.—MRS. J. C. SMITH, West Hallock, Fevira Co., Ills.

WHAT "MAY SNOW" SAYS:—"Western Schoolmaster" says he had a woman for a mother.

I am heartily glad of it, for his sake.

There are two supreme blessings, sometimes, vouchsafed to mortals: One is a grand, heroic-souled, patient, self-denying woman, bearing the holy title of "mother." The other is a loyal, upright, manly son.

"Schoolmaster" don't further says, "May Snow' is a man later." Dear boy, you are sadly mistaken. I do not hate a *man*. Not he, created in the image of his Maker, and little lower than the angels. I honor and respect and reverence such a one.

But when he lowers himself from the high standard of his creation; when he becomes, not a man, as God made him, but a selfish, domineering, self-satisfied puppy, void of honor, perverted and debased in habits and inclinations, then I frankly confess, I do despise him.

From actions, which speak louder than words, I am made aware that many of my sisters do not agree with me, and I have heard it said of different young men, "O, he is only sowing his wild oats;" will turn out all right in the end." And again, "Reformed rakes make the best husbands, etc." Bah! There is no room for such sickly sentiments in this enlightened age of the nineteenth century.

Who ever heard of its being necessary for a girl to sow "wild oats?" Dear friends, when a girl begins upon such a course she enters a pathway that has no "turntable," and whose ending is where "Hope may not enter in."

"But why so in her case, and not in her brother's?" is a question I have asked myself again and again. A woman is not assailed by the manifest temptations that surround a man," I hear some one say, "and it is easier for her to keep herself pure and innocent than for one of the other sex to do the same." I don't believe it, and right here, between you and me and the gate post, if I did, and was one of the, "stronger vessels," I would not own it.

It would be too humiliating to my boasted superiority.

When a man takes upon himself the business of selecting a wife, he does not look for one who has, in common parlance, the name of being "a little fast."

Not he. No matter what his record has been, she must be innocent as the lilies of the field, and there he think he shows far better taste and judgment than many girls do, when they make a selection.

I, too, believe in woman's rights, so far as holding office, or making laws by which she is to be governed, are concerned; but as for "proposing," I fancy few of us would care for that.

If a man does not possess "sand" enough to do that himself, we don't want him.

We might have to look after the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker, and our husband, too, after we got him.—MAY SNOW.

LETTERS.—In choosing this subject, I am aware, that I will be much open to criticism; for, including the whole scope of letters, we also include, all phases of life, from Pat in the gutter to the king in his palace. A subject, thus entitled, will need many snubs and possibly frowns. The first dictum will be,—"A guide for writing probably. I'll excuse myself from looking through it." Now, to appreciate letters, you must inspect them from the heart. Nothing less, will do. I propose to give my friends, the tale of some letters as they come to me.

The first class we will call solicitations: for they come under the head of,—"Please, may I correspond with you?" and after mature deliberation, comes a timid yes, and the couple are fairly launched on the sea of pen and ink. Perhaps they are of the sentimental kind, if so, the letter grows with the weight of stamped and ten chances to one if some of the parties do not become disgusted with milk and roses and motion the dish to us three. On the contrary, if Cupid reigns supreme, you will find the pen forming hieroglyphics of a more serious nature. Both parties throw off reserve and become quite confidential and most sure way. At times, I have been too weak to do the making and crushing the starch, then I have done this way, which may be useful to those who are not strong, and without help: Melt the starch and salt, say about a pound of starch and a pound and a quarter of the salt, to about two pails of water; then put in the clothes and move them about a little every day, until you can put them out of doors. It does not rot them or turn sour, if they have to stay for a week or more. You may do this at any time of the year whether the sun shines or not. It will only take longer on dull days.—AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

I take pleasure in telling "Mayflower" how to get the wrinkles out of her summer silk, as I have just made one over. I took a wash-boiler and filled it nearly full of water and let it come to a boiling heat, and then took each piece separately and dipped them in and then shook in the open air and sun until nearly dry, and then press. This will remove every wrinkle and seam that old silk is liable to get. All other goods of a solid color can be renovated in the same way, without harm or change of color.—E. P. P.

Please say to "A Subscriber" to plait her cwitch and simmer it in coffee for an hour or two, will give it a pretty brown color. A little lard in the coffee will give it a glossy appearance.—JULIA JAYBIRD.

Here is a way to clean velvet, which I have found good: Heat an iron, place flat side up in the lap, wring a cloth out of water and place on the iron; lay the velvet on quickly, nap side up, then brush with whisk or clothes brush until the nap is thoroughly loosened. Has the lady asking for a remedy for constipation ever tried electricity?—BROWNIE.

Some time ago Mrs. Smith, I think, of Toledo, O., asked for the address of "A Subscriber's Wife." I was sick when the paper was received, and as it has since been misplaced, I am not sure of her address. If she will write to Box 51, Greenfield, Adair county, Iowa, she will receive a reply.

Why don't some of the good cooks tell us how to cook vegetables? I would like a recipe for cabbage slaw, and green corn omelet. Is there not some way to make a pudding with apples?—SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

RECIPES.

Noodles.—Make a thin paste of eggs and flour, add a little salt, roll thin, cut in narrow strips, throw in boiling water, and boil 5 minutes. Serve hot, with butter, black pepper, and hard-boiled egg, chopped fine.

To Mend China.—Into a thick solution of gum arabic stir plaster of Paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream; apply with a brush to the broken edges of china and join together in three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

Kentucky Rolls.—Put 3 qts. of flour in a large pan, scald 1 qt. of buttermilk, add1 cup of lard, and pour over the flour; beat well; then add 1 cup of milk warm water and 1 cup of yeast. Set in a warm place over night. In the morning mix in 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, and flour to make a stiff dough. Let rise twice—kneading thoroughly—then cut in long rolls, put in pans, and bake when light. This dough, if set in a cool place, will keep a week, and will be found very convenient for breakfast.

To Clean Decanters.—Egg shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in a decanter three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp towel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from white ivory knife-handles, or that the luster of Morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of an egg?

Snow Drops.—One cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, whites of 3 eggs, 1 small cupful of milk, three cupfuls of prepared flour; flavor with vanilla and nutmegs; bake in small round tins.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

VALERIA, IOWA.

Zenba Welker	Mary Bailey
Myria Bailey	Anna Miller
Grant Walker	Belle Walker
Etta Battles	Lily Miller
Florence Davidson	Clarence Chalmers

Names this week, 10. Total, 20 668.

The above embraces all names received up to November 8.

A SILVER SLOOP IN THE SKY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Oh, merrily now, my deary,
Willy Wisp through the marsh doth flit,
And he holdeth his little lantern,
Lest he fall in a way-side pit.

He sleeps 'mongst the tall blue lilies,
Willy Wisp, in the marsh all day,
But at night he lighteth his lantern,
And frolicketh out to play.

Through the field, with their golden torches,
The fire-flies come in a troop;
Low over the trees is sailing
The moon like a silver sloop.

Yes, the fire-flies come with their torches;
And now through the bearded grass
The glowworms bring their yellow lamps,
That the fairies might see to pass.

The fairies were ferried from elf-land
In a boat on a silver wire,
And they prance tro' the fields on their milk-white steeds,
A-striking out diamond fire.

Now leave your supper, my deary,
And come with a laugh and a shout;
I will plead with your gentle mother
That for once she will let you out.

Come hither, my clear-eyed lassie;
You will find in the meadow, maybe,
A fairy ring, though never a glimpse
Will there come of it to me.

You may see the dance of the fairies,
Though I to it be blind;
You may hear them call to their milk-white steeds,
And their silver bugles wind.

You may see the moon like a silver wheel
Roll over the road of blue;
You may see the moon like a silver sloop
In a waveless ocean, too.

But look in your childhood, deary,
Or your heart may grow so old
That you cannot see the fairies dance,
Or the glowworms' lamps of gold.

And you so low for wisdom
In after years may stoop;
You will see the moon like a barren globe,
But never a silver sloop.

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE CITY COUSIN.

BY THEODOCIA.

"Well, what do you think of her?"

The boys, John and George, were going towards the town swinging milk pails, when John asked the question. They had met their city cousin at the tea-table for the first time and each was anxious to find out the opinion of the other.

"Humph! She is like all city girls; looks like a big doll. My! isn't she fixed up, though. Likes to show her pretty arms, I reckon, too."

"I don't know," said John, "she does look rather fixy, but I shouldn't wonder if she showed some spirit before summer is over. Mother says we ought not to judge people by their cloths. She says our country made clothes would look as out of place in Uncle Nat's parlor as cousin Fan's city dresses do in our kitchen."

"Oh! it isn't all the clothes," returned George; "someway she seems too airy to suit me. She will be no good on picnics or to go fishing. She will most likely scream at a snail, and think she is going to be killed by every crow or sheep that she sees. I like girls with some pluck," he added.

John laughed, but made no reply as he took down the milking-stool and set about his evening task of milking five cows.

The days went by until Fannie had been two weeks at the farm. So far she certainly had not shown herself a girl of spirit, and George voted her a nuisance; John was reserving his opinion. John had a way of keeping his opinions somewhat to himself and thereby saved himself some embarrassment, when, as was sometimes the the case, he had occasion to change his views.

One morning as they sat at breakfast, Mr. Saunders remarked:

"I wish one of you to lead the horses down to the shop; Prince has lost two shoes, and Princess must have hers tightened."

"All right!" responded George heartily, "I will go."

"I am going with you," said Fannie. "I can lead one horse and I want to see the inside of a blacksmith shop."

"That is a pretty place for that lace thing you have on," exclaimed George, with half a sneer.

"Oh! I do not care to go in, but I suppose can look in. It won't hurt my eyes, will it?"

George was not altogether pleased with the proposition of the young lady to lead Princess, but she was determined, and his father said.—

"Let Fannie go. The walk will do her good; it is a glorious bright morning."

And Fannie went. The blacksmith shop was only a few rods distant, but there was a railroad track to cross. Just before they reached the track George stopped suddenly and said:

"See here, Fan, do you suppose you can hold Prince a minute? I owe Tom Betts half a dollar, and I promised to pay it this morning, and he is over there in the field; if I run over it will save a walk down to the house. Just hold the halter a minute. He will stand all right," and George was off before Fannie had time to refuse even if she had any intentions of doing so. George evidently found something to say to his friend beyond what was necessary to the settlement of his debt, and the minutes passed—five, fifteen of them—and still Fannie stood there holding the horses and waiting for George. Suddenly the car whistle sounded, and there coming around the curve was the express train. Fannie grasped the halters with a firmer hold and wondered how she could hold them, or would they trample her under their feet? George heard the whistle and remembered the frail girl alone with the spirited horses close beside the track. He started at once and ran, but he was too late; the train went whizzing past. The horses snorted and pulled and jerked at the halters, but Fannie held on bravely, though it seemed to her that the flesh was tearing from her hands. The great puffing engine passed and she was still holding the stringalling horses, when suddenly the halters were taken from her grasp, and she saw her uncle standing beside her.

"Why, Fannie, what does this mean. Where is George?"

Though George was there to speak for himself, for once he had nothing to say. "To think of your leaving a girl to hold two horses here by the track while you were gossiping over Tom Betts," said Mr. Saunders; "it is a mercy she was not killed." Then turning to Fannie, "I don't see how you managed to hold them."

"There wasn't anything else to do."

"Not even if you were killed. Here, George, if you think you can manage them both you may go to to the shop while I take your cousin back to the house. She will stand until I can go with her before she sees the inside of the shop. But, child, where is your hat?"

"What there is left of it lies there in the road," replied Fannie. "It fell off and I had something else to do, so I did not pick it up. Then my hair fell down; I must look like a crazy girl."

"Whatever you may look like, you act a great deal more sane than your cousin here," replied Mr. Saunders, who, realizing the danger in which Fannie had been, was thoroughly out of patience with George.

"Don't scold him, please," said Fannie; "he did not mean any harm; he forgot that I was only a city girl."

"You are plucky one, anyway," said George; "and I'll never again say you are no good."

"That was quite an apology for George to make," said Mr. Saunders, as he and Fannie turned to go back to the house. "He hates to own that he has made a mistake."

"Here, mother, I have brought Fannie back to you; I guess you may as well put her to bed, for she is pretty nearly used up," said Mr. Saunders to his wife as he and Fannie reached the house.

It was true that the girl was quite overcome. When the excitement was over she had found herself unable to stand alone, and her uncle had almost carried her. It was several days before she regained her strength, but she had gained a staunch friend. Her cousin George was ever her firm ally. If a picnic or fishing excursion, or later in the season a nutting party was proposed George was sure to say, "Of course have the girls along; as a rule, they are a nuisance, but Fan is worth a dozen boys."

"Fannie," said he one day when they were talking it over, "why didn't you let go of the halters that morning?"

"My mother taught me when I was a little child to 'hold fast.' If I had let go then, I should have been ashamed whenever I remembered it," replied Fannie.—*The Pansy.*

SWIMMERS AND SWIMMING.

It is not every one who can learn to swim like Byron, Franklin, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Leander, Mary Wakefield, and the other historic swimmers. In order to perform such feats as they did, a person must havt buoyant flesh, not too heavy bones, great wind, cool nerves, and much practice. In a school of 50 boys there are always a few who can swim a great deal easier and longer than the rest, and there are some long, strong, bony fellows who are tired in twenty strokes.

Byron owed his power in the water chiefly to the buoyancy of his flesh, but partly to the muscular development of his arms and chest. He was a superb creature from his waist upward. In swimming the Hellespont he was in the water one hour and ten minutes, and came out, as he used to boast, very little the worse for his voyage. Indeed, he had several swimming adventures in his life which were more difficult than the one which he performed in imitation of Leander. Once on Brighton Beach he was exhausted in battling with the surf, and would have been drowned but for some by-standers, who formed a line for his rescue.

Cloudesley Shovel's grand exploit was probably due to his muscular strength and great practice. He was a cabin boy on board Admiral Narborough's ship during the naval war between England and Holland, two hundred years ago. Narborough was lost unless he could get a word to a portion of his fleet, which was near, but out of sight behind a high piece of land.

No boat could have lived in the fierce fire of the fleets, and there was no possible way of communicating an order except by swimming. The admiral called for volunteers, and among those who sprang forward was his own cabin-boy, a vigorous, handsome lad of eighteen. He had been a cobbler's apprentice, and had run away to sea.

"What can you do, my fearless lad?" asked Admiral Narborough.

"I can swim, sir," replied the youth; "and if I'm not I can be easier spared than any one else."

That answer, with the look that accompanied it, settled the question. In another minute or two, with the order in his mouth the lad swam out of sight, into the dense smoke of the battle, followed by the cheers of the crew. He brought the reserve fleet into action in time, gave his country another victory, won for himself a lieutenant's commission. His remains now lie in Westminster Abbey, with a monument over them bearing the name of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

Mary Wakefield's brave act on Lake Michigan, a month or so ago, was not exactly a feat in swimming. When she sprang from the burning steamer into the lake with the captain's child, six years of age, in her arms, she laid hold of a piece of wood, and had to use both her hands in clinging to it. The child she held up by her teeth in its clothes, and thus encumbered she struck out boldly for the shore. On her way she met a rescuing boat, which stopped to take them in.

"Hurry away to the others; I can take care of the child!" she cried.

She reached the shore safely with her charge, and was soon ready to bear a most efficient hand in caring for the perishing survivors, as they arrived by the boats. This was a rare and noble act of courage and endurance, for the water was little above the freezing point in that northern region.

Of, we cannot all do these grand and noble things Some of us can, however, if we try the right way, and we can all admire them, and honor the doers.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO BE A SAILOR.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

Having decided to be a navigator, if a boy has nothing else, let him at least start with the companionship and blessing of his parents or guardians, and then go to work with the determination of becoming nothing less than the captain of a ship.

At the outset, it would be a good idea for a boy to go on one of the United States training ships, where young Americans are trained to be seamen. He must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and he will be entitled to his discharge until he has gone through the whole course of instruction.

If our would be seafarer pursues his course, he will find to his advantage should he start life on a European steamer. Still, he would be possessed of a great deal of knowledge in reference to naval warfare which, in his position, would be of no use to him, and there would be very much that he would have to learn, in addition to what he already knew.

Starting as an ordinary seaman, he would skip the drudgery of a ship's boy, and his promotion would be somewhat more rapid, though not remarkably so, for on the sea you have to be thoroughly competent in one position before you can rise to a higher.

Of the four officers on an ocean steamship the two senior officers keep the reckoning of the ship by observation, that is, by means of the stars, the moon, and the sun. The third and fourth, or two junior officers, keep the dead reckoning. By this is meant the calculation of the ship's position, independently of celestial observations.

The pay of the captain of an ocean steamer will be from $2,500 to $3,000 a year. The first officer will receive about $900 a year, the second $720, the third and fourth $480 a year. This will be in addition to living expenses on board ship.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

What Boston Calls Raspberry Jam.

A bit of conversation came to the listener the other day which illustrates the adulterating tendencies of the present time and the ingenuity that manufacturers sometimes show to make a thing quite other than what purports to be. A gentleman happened to be in conversation with a man who makes raspberry jam on a large scale, and asked him where the raspberries were raised that he made his product of. The gentleman was in a position to warrant the confidence of the manufacturer, and the latter told him frankly:

"Why, we don't use any raspberries at all."

"Do you mean to say that you make raspberry jam without any raspberries?"

"Certainly."

"What's the process?"

"Why, we boil tomatoes, and then strain the product to get the seeds out. Tomato seeds are quite too big to look like raspberry seeds, and, besides, are not shaped like them. Then we add about an equal quantity of glucose, and mix in a little of a prepared raspberry flavor that we buy from the chemists, and also a quantity of hay seed. The hay seed looks very much like raspberry seeds, and are besides very cheap, and when we want to put raspberry seeds, and constitute a positive merit for the jam. With a little further preparation our raspberry jam, made out of tomatoes and glucose, is ready for the market."—*Boston Transcript.*

GRANITEVILLE, S. C., May 13th, 1887.

DR. SHALLENBERGER,

Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir:* I have been using your Malaria Pills for two years and find nothing equal to them for chills and Malaria. We have had no doctor in our family, but when any of us feel badly we take the Antidote and are soon all right. Would not be without the medicine for any money. Respectfully yours,

GODFREY GREEN.

How is This for a Pie?

The Queen's jubilee was recently tardily celebrated in Derby Dale, England, by the baking and eating of an immense pie, the traditional way in which Derby celebrates. The pie was eight feet in diameter and two feet deep. It contained 800 pounds of flour, 1,800 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of mutton, 160 of veal, 180 of lamb, 250 of pork, 120 of lard, 50 of butter, 32 couples of rabbits, three hares, 42 fowls, 40 pigeons, 12 grouse, 21 ducks, four plovers, one turkey, five geese, and 100 small birds, together with 500 pounds of potatoes, 40 pounds of beef suet, and 40 pounds of drippings.

A Quick Retort.

A father was remonstrating with a son who was sowing his wild oats.

"Father," said the young man in self-defense, "you should remember that I am in the very hey-day of youth."

"And is that any reason why you should make an ass of yourself?" inquired the father.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sunday School

Judgment and Mercy.

LESSON 8—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1887.

Golden Text: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 11: 20-30.)

20. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not.

21. Woe unto thee, Cho-ra-zin! woe unto thee, Beth-sai-da! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

22. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you.

23. And thou, Ca-per-na-um, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

24. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

25. At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

26. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

27. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

28. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

29. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

30. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then began he to upbraid (v. 20.) Even the patient and loving Jesus could become discouraged as it were, in his efforts to convince and to win those after whom his heart went out with longing. He had done more "mighty works" in behalf of the people of whom he was now speaking than he had done in all the world besides. He had done enough, he was sure, to have drawn to him the hearts of others who were now his enemies. Yet all this endeavor on his part had availed nothing thus far. What wonder, then, that he saw no gain in other effort and entreaty there. Words of reproach seemed the only fitting words. They were ee tainly merited. It might be that they would accomplish good where words of entreaty had failed. There are times when further effort to win hearts by affectionate assurance and appeal would be folly. Upbraiding, when it is a duty, is a duty, whatever may be its result. But it needs the wisdom, the love, and the patience of Jesus to utter reproaches in a right spirit, and at only the proper time. Lord, keep us from upbraiding when upbraiding is not a duty!

Tyre and Sidon. . . would have repented long ago (v. 21.) When we look at the heathen in their vileness, or at criminals in our own land in their undeniable guilt, it is very easy for us to recognize our superiority to them in religious convictions and in outward morality. We know that we have higher aspirations and a purer life than theirs. But their is another way of looking at this case. Our privileges are certainly greater than theirs. Have we done as well, according to the light given to us, as they have done according to their light? Have we improved our advantages as they would have improved them, had our positions been reversed? Should we have done as well as they are doing, had we had no more light than they have? What would they have done, had they had the teachings and the examples of our godly parents and of our good pastor? What if they had heard as many good sermons and read as many good books as we have? What if they had lived in such a community as ours, and had had such friends as help us onward and upward, with as many promptings from without and within to a holy life and to right conduct? Would they have contented themselves with so low a plane of living as the wicked people of Tyre and Sidon, had as they were, never so resisted the loving looks and words, and so gainsaid the many mighty deeds of the Saviour of sinners, as have we of Chorazin and Bethsaida. If they had been blessed to our extent, they might have penitent and godly. What a shame that we do so poorly!

More tolerable. . . in the day of judgment (v. 22). Whatever else is uncertain in the future, the day of judgment is sure to come. And when it comes, all the world shall know "who is who, and what is what." People will be shown then as they are, rather than as they were supposed to be. And in this showing, it will be seen against what inducements to well doing sinners went astray. There will be degrees of condemnation. Those who did just as well as they knew how, and yet failed of the right, shall be considered with a leniency not shown to those who went wrong willfully. Does this thought give you any comfort? Are you one of those who are walking uprightly to the full extent of your light and knowledge? Or does it increase the terrors of the day of judgment, because you are not doing the best you know how? Will it be "more tolerable" for you, or for some of the unevangelized, in that day?

Didst reveal them unto babes (v. 25). A child can understand great theological truths quite as well as the wisest man can. Indeed, unless the wisest man retains the child-like spirit, he cannot understand those truths as well as a child. A readiness to learn is an essential prerequisite to learning; and who has that better than a child? A willingness to accept a truth

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

John York, Yates, N. Y., would like to have some of the numerous readers of the BLADE FARM, give their knowledge or experience in the culture of fish (carp or others) in ponds on the farm, where they may be supplied with water from never failing springs, and how the product will compare with the product of an equal area of good land to form carp ponds, etc. Carp are not a very hard fish to raise, and where other fish are not plentiful, may be raised with profit. They may be kept in ponds three to four feet deep, with considerable of a hole in the center deeper than elsewhere. To this they will go in the winter, and there should be at least two feet of soft mud on the bottom. To keep them from suffocation for want of air when the pond freezes, put a barrel in the ice over the center of the depression in the pond where the fish are wintering and push the barrel down about half its length, open end first. Cut several holes in the head of the barrel, two inches or so square, or bore a number of augur holes in it. Then cover the barrel with straw, and the fish will have plenty of air. The pond should have no fish of any other kind in it. Ducks, geese, and minks must be kept out of it, as they eat the small fish. A very fine wire netting should be stretched across where the water passes out of the pond to keep the fish from getting out. Two ponds would be better, so that one may be drained off, if necessary. Water lilies, spatterdock or flags should be planted in the ponds, so that the fish may deposit their eggs on the leaves. Brush should also be sunk in the pond. It is best to purchase mature fish, although small ones will soon grow large. If you will address a letter to any one of the fish commissioners of your state, enclosing stamps for reply, you will no doubt be furnished all necessary information; or a letter sent to the U. S. fish commissioner, Washington city, D. C., will receive attention. He will, we think, send you fish on application. As to whether they will return as great an amount of money on a given amount of land as grain or root crops, depends greatly upon your proximity to a fish market, and whether the fish are cheap or dear. Extravagant claims are made by some people who cultivate carp, but it has been our observation that, as a rule, such people, if well cultivated, will return more money than a carp pond, but in many places land may be utilized for a carp pond that would not be profitable to cultivate.

N. Davenport, Illinois: Alfalfa or Lucerne is best adapted to a rich, moist soil. It is valuable, especially in the South. In seasons of severe drouth it holds always fresh and green, as the roots penetrate deeply into the ground. It grows two to three feet high and has purple blossoms. It should be cut when it first begins to bloom. It will stand three cuttings annually, and produces an exceedingly large amount of green food for cattle. It will stand the winters of central Illinois. It will not do well on thin sandy soil. If desired it may be killed out by plowing. It is more difficult to secure a good stand of it than the common clover. It does not exhaust the soil. If your soil is compact clay it would not pay you to sow it. Full is the best time to sow it in your section.

R. S., Belleflower, Ill.: Old cases of cribbiting are incurable. This may be attributed to different causes—idleness, indigestion, etc. The former named is the most notable cause. Even the success that is made for preventing or curing the habit, but most of them are of little use. The best appliance is to put a strap around the throat. This kind of straps may be had of almost any saddler. Crib-biting constitutes unsoundness. A horse loses condition that has it, and frequently indigestion is quite marked. The horse may be cured, in time, by giving a teaspoonful or more dose, twice daily, for four or five days, following it with a bran mash daily for a week, and giving the animal plenty of exercise to make him reasonably tired. Bicorbonate of soda, half an ounce; powered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains.

H. J. K., Michigan: Your horse is attacked with periodic ophthamia. You should begin treatment by giving him a cathartic dose of oil of one pint, or barbadoes aloes, one drachm, ginger, one drachm. Mix and give as one dose. After this has operated, give this twice a day for a week in a bran mash; one drachm iodide potassium, water, half a pint. Mix. Bathe the eye thoroughly for half an hour with hot water, three times a day. After each application drop three drops of this solution into the eye: Atrophia, three grains; water, one ounce; mix well. When you find the inflammation all gone, touch the eyelids with this: Sulphate of zinc, three grains; water, one ounce. Apply twice a day with a camel's hair brush. Feed on bran mashes, carrots and other roots. Keep horse in a box stall for a couple of weeks. The directions given in BLADE FARM of October 13 should be observed.

J. P., Indiana: Contraction of the feet may result from various causes, namely, corns, founder, navicular disease, sprains of the tendons, etc. We would advise you to pare out the foot well, open the heels, and cut the frog down a little. Put the affected feet in a soft, hot linseed poultice, changing daily for a week. Then you may put her in pasture, and if not turned into a corn-out and pastern twice smartly. The horse should have at least two months' rest. In beginning the treatment, it would be well to give the animal a raw linseed oil cathartic. Give a bran mash every day for two weeks. Regaining the eye of your yearling colt from which a piece of wheat straw was taken, the best thing you can do will be to get the services of a veterinary. If there is no one near you, give the animal a mild cathartic of linseed oil. Bathe the eye twice a day with warm water, and apply this to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush: Nitrate of silver, 5 grains; water, 1 ounce; mix. Cover the eye with a green cloth. It may be that the inflammation is terminating in cataract. If this be the case, there is no remedy.

Old Subscriber, Pennsylvania: Your horse seems to be suffering from mange and indigestion. Give the animal a cathartic of aloes or raw linseed oil, the latter is the better. After this has operated give this every other day for a week: Bicarbonate of soda in drinking water, 2 drachms three times a day before meals, and 2 drachms of dilute nitro-muriatic acid in drinking water after eating. For the mange, take of sublimed sulphur, 2 ozs.; carbonate of potash, 1 oz.; oil of rosemary, 4 drachms; lard, free from salt, 13 ozs. Have this rubbed up all together in a mortar, or mix them with a broad knife. Rub this well into the affected parts every night; and wash off thoroughly in the morning with washing soda and hot water. If after giving the above there is yet swelling in the legs, give this three times a day, either dissolved in drinking water or sprinkled on corn: ¾ a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia. Continue this for a week.

R. A. A.: We would not advise you to do anything for your colt, as we think he will be all right when he gets a little older. There may be a little hereditary weakness, but not sufficient to cause any apprehension. Some colts exhibit considerable weakness, but they pretty generally grow to have good strong ankles.

Utilizing City Manes.

Waring has told, in a delightful little story, how he found a perfect riding mare in the harness of a fish peddler, in New York. She had fallen, through one misfortune after another, into the hands of brutal drivers, who had pounded all beauty out of her and left her a mere rack of bones. They could not destroy her spirit, however, nor entirely club away the evidence of her good breeding. With care and proper handling she recovered much of her beauty, and rose from the humiliating service of a fish-cart horse to that of an intelligent and affectionate saddle animal. There are hundreds of just such horses in New York to-day. They started in as faithful and honest animals. They fell into the hands of brutal and careless drivers, who could not distinguish between spirit and intelligence, and vicionsness. With good handling and care they would quickly show their worth. We see many mares on the various horse-car lines that would make excellent breeding animals. Footsore and weary from hard service many of them go aimlessly stumbling along, but a good judge of horses can easily see their possibilities as breeding animals. Many farmers among the Dutch counties have already determined the value of these mares. When in the city they always visit the horse railroad stables and are often able to find some slightly crippled mare of good style and breeding that can be bought for a fair price. Such mares are taken back to the farm and turned out to pasture, or put to light work, until they recover. Then they are served by first-class driving stallions. The colts are sold at three-year-olds. This business pays. Mares of good breeding are secured at a low price. The best of stallions are used and a quality of colts produced that sell readily at good prices.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Butter Sticking to the Churn.

In answer to an inquiry an old dairyman replies in the *N. E. Homestead* as follows: It probably arises from the fact that you have an idea that water will spoil butter, and so attempt to gather the butter in the churn, just as your grandmother did. In trying to get the dasher down through the mass, you pack part of the butter on to the bottom of the churn so that it cannot rise. If you will put a gallon or two of cold water and a little salt into the cream just as it begins to break, and only gather it enough to get the butter to the size of cherries, and then take it out into your butter bowl, it won't stick to the bottom. The far better remedy is to get one of the many good revolving churns, and then make your butter as described in *Farm and Home* by Prof. Arnold or Maj. Alvord, and save about one-half of the labor of butter making.

Butter often sticks to the churn from other causes. Often in putting cream into a stone or wooden churn, it is not rinsed so as to wet the sides, and the cream sticks and is not all agitated in churning. When the butter comes, this thin coating of cream takes on a coating of butter, and when the contents of the churn are removed, the inside of the churn is "plastered" with combined butter and cream, that is a great bother to remove. This is all the more noticeable when the cream is churned too warm, as white, soft butter is noticeably "sticky." A good dairy thermometer—one of the tube pattern—costing 50 cents—will save its cost every week in the saving of "bother" that one encounters in guess work about the temperature of cream, not to mention the gain in amount and quality of the butter itself. A complete yield of butter from cream can only be secured by churning at the proper temperature, which varies with the condition and acidity of the cream. Perhaps the albumen in the cream may at times cause more or less "stickiness," and if found to be traceable to this cause, diluting the cream with pure water at the churning temperature is the only remedy.

Feed and Care of Fattening Pigs.

Some well-known stock-breeders in the neighborhood of Perth, Scotland, recently engaged in a friendly contest, the result of which we find in one of our foreign exchanges. Rewards of considerable monetaro value were negotiated for the winner in a pig-feeding competition, in which a good deal of public interest centered. The pigs were eight months old, and their respective weights were carefully ascertained at the outset. The contest, which extended over three months, ended a few weeks since, when the final "weighing match" took place, and was witnessed by a large number of interested farmers and others. It resulted in favor of two pigs belonging to Mr. Ferguson, Pictsonhill. They weighed 241 and 252 pounds, respectively. Mr. Ferguson's pigs gained, as nearly as possible, 42 pounds each in 27 days; and we give below a receipt of the treatment prescribed by Mr. Sanders Spencer, the celebrated English pig breeder, and adopted at Pictsonhill:

"The eight weeks' pigs should be kept in a warm yet well ventilated pen, and allowed to run out each day for about fifteen minutes. The bedding should be clean wheat straw, changed at least once a day. They should be fed at least three times a day, the food to consist of oatmeal, maize meal, sharps or thirds, either cooked or stirred with boiling water, covered over and allowed to cool; the pigs also receiving as much new milk (or, if this be too expensive, smim-milk) as they will drink, a portion of this to be given with the food, the other between feeding times—some two unces of sugar being given to each pig per diem in the milk and food. If the pigs are of the common or restless breed, four or five pounds of oil cake in a little warm water will cure them of this failing and cause to rest and be thankful. Coal cinders or earth should be within reach of the pigs once a day. Vegetable food of some kind—mangels or cooked cabbage—will help to keep them in health. Each pig should also have one ounce of sulphur at least once a week, given in the food.

Mr. Ferguson also consulted Mr. Lawrence, Forres Mills, Morayshire, as to the course of feeding he should pursue. Mr. Lawrence sketched out a similar bill of fare as Mr. Spencer, laying great stress upon the importance of supplying unskimmed milk to the animals, and furnishing them with a little sulphur once a week.

Fine Sand for Bedding Animals.

Many an intelligent tiller of the soil has laughed at me, heartily, when I suggested that fine sand was excellent bedding for domestic animals; and many of your readers may indulge in a side-shaking ha! ha! and suggest that I am fairly in my dotage, for thinking that sand may be employed for bedd ng! "Why, who ever heard of such nitrasin?" said one farmer. "I would as soon bed with mud!" "Well, let us reason together." Many years ago, when I had easy access to clean sand, I used it for bedding the cows and horses, in preference to straw, sawdust, dry tan bark, or any other material, for the reason that a bed of fine sand would absorb the liquid of the stalls sooner and keep the animals cleaner than any other bedding I have ever used. In the case. That is all there is about it. A few days since I was at the stable of a farmer who works a large farm, and keeps several teams and a large herd of neat cattle, who told me that he prefers fine sand for bedding to any other material. He had more than 2,000 bushels (I judged) of dry, fine sand, stored for bedding in the winter. No other bedding will prevent the manurial accumulation from adhering to the hair of domestic animals so effectually as clean sand. In many localities one can not obtain sand, except at an exorbitant price per wagon load, while in some sections of the country nice and clean sand costs nothing beside the expense incident to hauling it. In many places one can collect several wagon loads in the public streets, which has been carried down to the foot of a hill during a shower of rain. A peck of fine sand will readily absorb and retain half a peck of liquid manure. Then, here is another important consideration greatly in favor of sand, namely, that which is made by the manurial accumulations of any stable may be handled and stored without loss from heating and "fire fanging," as stable manure will do, when the bedding consists of straw or haulm of any sort. Doubting and incredulous persons can satisfy themselves by an inexpensive trial of sand for bedding. In case sand is coarse and full of gravel, it would not be objectionable, as gravel stones would render the bed of a heavy animal somewhat uncomfortable.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

How Bees Make Wax.

As to how bees make wax, an English periodical, *Murray's Magazine*, says it is no more extraneous substance which needs only to be collected for use; it is a bit of individual organic home manufacture. If you examine the under surface of a cell-building worker, you will find beneath the abdomen four pair of white plates projecting from as many pockets in the inessing rings of this part of the body. These are the wax plates, made from the life blood of the worker. Examine now with a lens one of the hinder legs. You will find that the stoutest joints are very square shouldered at the hinge, and that the hinge is well over to one side, so that the shoulders form a pair of jaws, which open when the limb is bent, and close when it is straightened. The upper jaw has a row of spines which bite on a plate on the lower jaw. With this apparatus, playing it with these spines, the worker withdraws a wax plate from its pocket, transfers it to the front legs, and thence to the mouth, where it is laboriously masticated with a salivary secretion. Unless it undergoes this process it lacks the ductility requisite for cell-making.

Digestibility of Hay.

The Germantown *Telegraph* summarizes some digestion experiments made at the Maine Experiment station, from which we find that in the consumption of hay and clover, there is perhaps under ordinary circumstances, a less proportion digested and so rendered available in the growth or fattening of animals than is generally supposed. The composition of timothy hay is given as follows: Protein compound, 5.84; crude fiber, 28.89; nitrogen free extract, 47.41; fat, 2.97. Of the above there is under ordinary circumstances digested, protein compounds, 2.7; crude fiber, 12.4; nitrogen free extract, 27.9; fat, 1.4.

By the above it appears that only about one-half of the nutritive principles of timothy are digested. In the case of clover hay, the result is very nearly the same, the only difference of any account being in the fact that clover hay furnishes about twice as much of the protein compounds as the timothy. Assuming that 3 875 pounds of timothy is cut from an acre, there will be digested 104 6 pounds of protein matter, while from an acre of 4,075 pounds of clover hay would be digested 288 2 of protein, with but little difference in the fat and nitrogen free extract. As the protein contains the substance of animal tissue, this is important in the feeding of growing and young animals.—*Stockman.*

Bloodied Stock Sale.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Nov. 3.—The sale of the bloodied stock belonging to J. V. Stryker, occurred yesterday. The interest of the sale centered in Delphos, a weanling, sired by Nutwood, dam Dolphine by Harold, sire of Maud S. The bidding was spirited, starting at $500, increased by $100 and $500 bids, until knocked down to the Lacon stock farm for $3,750. This is the highest price paid for a weaning in this country.

The will of the late Elihu B. Washburne has been admitted to probate. The estate was worth $850,000, consisting of personal property valued at $750,000 and real estate to the value of $135,000 and upward. $500,000 of his fortune is held in trust for the benefit of his two sons, Pitt and Elihu Washburne.

TALMAGE ON HUMAN CONCORD.

The Whole Universe Was Once a Complete Cadence—Discord Brought About by Sin—The Human Intellect Out of Tune—How to Restore Harmony.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage expounded a chapter in the first book of Samuel, where Saul, possessed of an evil spirit, threw a javelin at David who was playing on the harp before him, thus showing that the evil spirit does not like sacred music. The subject of the sermon was "Concord and Discord," and the text was from Job xxxiii, 6, 7: "Who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together?" Dr. Talmage said:

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents to be suggestive if one or two hundred years after the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations and modifications, the space between the words a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a treble clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things, a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphone, it was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the noble Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages, is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony.

That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarionet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune. Weak lung and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in wrangle, neuralgias, and pheumonias, and consumptions, and epilepsies in flocks swoop upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this, or that, or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: The judgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, and the well balanced mind exceptional. Domestic life out of tune: Only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through these criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of time: Labor and capital; their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety least they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy, and lying, and subterfuge, and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge have for 6,000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord. Without realizing it, so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that the symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have for our national symbol a bird fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and boom ing south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose a gaunt growler; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and deathful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle, and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eight sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature that is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas. I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homœopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, in which young pigs are spitted on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother! we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service with:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner stone, when the morning stars sang together is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth;" and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover, sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the wilderness, yet autumnal storm and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding, or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, entitled the "Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All laudeds, fends, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement or sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But the worst of all discords is moral discord. If society and all the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God? People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands; our will clashing with His will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-apiston, and trumpet, and violencello, and hautboys, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee, should resolve that they would play out of tune and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking, and grating, and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passins and emotions—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord. The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave $225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another $625 to hear her in Boston, and another $650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost $1,700,000,000, and our American civil war over $9,500,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about $15,000,000,000. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner stone is to be resumed again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was fa ling asleep and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars spoken of in my text has been asleep but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and of all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The glorious heart to the attuned; social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned—but by what force and in what way?

In olden time the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs and they would strike it on the back of a pew or music rack and put it to the ear and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers turn the keys of their instruments so make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string, and listen, and sound out again, and all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater" or Bach's "Magnificat" in D or Gounod's "Redemption."

Now we can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and life in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his almighty spirit to attune us, to chord our will with his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure and self-sacrificing and heavenly. The strings of over-wrought nerves all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything mellifluous. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influence worldly and demoniac. Oh, master hand of Christ, restore this split and fractured and despoiled and unstrung nature until first it shall wail over its sin, and then trill with divine pardon.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes, and by the munificence of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, lineing the chorus on anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yard stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the Gospel harp. There will be as many cases of discord as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on top and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chickoried and sugar will not be watered, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a state's prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the election of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers, called the Fischer brothers, reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever thrilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner stone. All the sacred music in homes and concert halls and churches tends towards this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if, as sometime on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth, and how thrilling as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship we have on earth we know not. I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we bid farewell to all these grand old Gospel hymns which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, and in the summer of 1869, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of this church has been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and string instruments. Thousands of well trained voices. The masterpiece of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadence within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of bells of the city and cannon on the common, in exact time with the music discharged by electricity, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations.

Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it. When all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon, Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, the "Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, and quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and multitudes of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice—a voice once full of tears, but then full of triumph—the voice of Christ, saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang together."

OUR FINANCES.

Showing the Standing of the Public Debt for the Month of October.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to day, cents omitted:

Interest Bearing Debt.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 230,544,600
Four per cents	732,447,550
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	155,080
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,041,770,742
Interest	7,762,243
Total	$1,049,532,985
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 3,641,570
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,121
Certificates of deposit	7,215,000
Gold certificates	99,084,573
Silver certificates	160,713,957
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,943,916
Principal	$ 621,295,767
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,666,526,614
Interest	8,550,100
Total	$1,675,076,714
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 279,625,308
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 379,625,308
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,295,451,408
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$56,758,704
Debt less cash in the treasury Nov. 1, 1887	1,238,692,701
Debt less cash in the treasury Oct. 1, 1887	$1,255,526,396
Decrease of debt during month	$ 16,833,695
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887	40,736,035
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 99,684,773
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	160,713,957
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,215,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	11,403,813
Interest prepaid not accrued per department circular No. 90	606,392
Fractional currency	1,372
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 279,625,308
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 24,468,135
Minor coin	51,400
Total	$ 24,519,534
Certificates of deposits	36,479,652
Net cash balance on hand	36,758,794
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	497,383,201

A WEIRD TALE.

How the Remains of A. T. Stewart Were Recovered — The Transfer Made on a Lonely Road at Night.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The mystery which has so long enveloped the fate of the great millionaire dry goods dealer whose body was stolen from St. Mark's churchyard in this city in November, 1878, is at last dispelled by Police Superintendent Walling.

The first clue to the whereabouts of the body came from Gen. Patrick H. Jones, ex-postmaster of New York, who notified Superintendent Walling that an ex-soldier of his command knew something about it and would aid them if properly encouraged. Judge Hilton refused to pay anything unless the thieves too were captured. Gen. Jones was persistent and showed letters from the robbers together with a coffin-plate, which was identified as the one which had been on Mr. Stewart's coffin. The thieves also sent a piece of paper cut to exactly fit the hole in the velvet cover of the coffin. The plate and paper are now at police headquarters.

Mrs. Stewart favored giving a reward for the body and knowing this the robbers opened correspondence directly with her. No trace of them was discovered, however, until January, 1882, when Gen. Jones called at headquarters and brought the silver knobs and handles of the coffin. He had also a letter written from Canada inclosing a $100 bill as a retainer to Gen. Jones to act as attorney in delivering the body upon payment of $20,000. The letter also described the details of the manner in which the remains were stolen. They were placed in a grocer's wagon, taken to 160th streeth, where they were inclosed in a zinc-lined trunk and sent by an early morning train to Plattsburgh, thence to Canada, where they were buried. Then after the insertion of several newspaper personals the robbers wrote from Boston offering to deliver the body to Gen Jones and Judge Hilton, within 25 miles of Montreal, Gen. Jones to hand over $200,000. Judge Hilton declined, and the thieves then dropped their price to $100,000.

Mrs. Stewart agreed to this amount and ordered it paid, but the matter was delayed until finally the thieves agreed to accept $20,000. The conditions were severe. The messenger with the money was to leave New York city at 10 p. m. alone in a one-horse wagon and drive into Westchester county along a lonely road, which was indicated on a map sent by the thieves. Some time before midnight, if the man was acting in good faith and was not accompanied by or followed by detectives, he would be met and given further directions.

A young relative of Mrs. Stewart undertook the hazardous journey. Two or three times during the night he was certain that he was closely watched, but it was 3 o'clock when a masked horseman rode up, gave the signal agreed on, and turned the buggy up a lonely lane. The strange visitor here left him, directing him to drive on. At the end of another mile he became aware that another wagon was blocking the way. He paused, a masked man promptly appeared, and brought forward a large box, saying: "Here 'tis. Where's the money?"

"Where's the proof of identity?" asked the messenger, as the bag containing the mortal remains of A. T. Stewart was lifted into the buggy.

"Here," said the other, holding up an irregular bit of velvet and opening a bull's eye lantern upon it with a click.

The piece was compared with a bit of paper of the same shape which the New Yorker had brought with him to this lonely spot.

"Come, hurry up," was the command.

The messenger obeyed by producing the money, and the robbers retired a few feet and counted it by the light of their lantern. They moved off with their vehicle and the messenger of Mrs. Stewart went back the way he had come.

The next night a freight car went out to Garden City, containing nothing but a trunk, and on it sat a man who had spent the previous night in the loneliest part of Westchester county.

An empty coffin had already been deposited in the cathedral, and at the dead of night two men transferred the bones to it from the trunk. They then placed the coffin in an inaccessible vault beneath the dome.

If any one should ever again touch unbidden the vault which holds the bones of the merchant millionaire, the touch would release a hidden spring which would shake the chimes in the tower and send an instant alarm throughout the village.

The *Sunday News* correspondent saw Inspector Byrnes at his house on Fifty-ninth street, and after relating the story asked him what he knew about it.

"Well," said he, "I don't want to say any more on the subject, for it would be unfair to Mr. Walling for me to give my opinion of the probable truthfulness of the story. Does he state the recovery of the body as a fact or is it merely a story?"

"For a fact," said the reporter.

"Well, I have nothing more to say," and with a cheery good night he closed the door.

His manner and the tone of his conversation gave the interviewer plainly to understand that if he chose he could disclose facts that would disprove the whole story.

Superintendent Murray was next visited, but

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Chief Justice Waite received through the mail what at first was thought to be an infernal machine, but is now believed to only have been a sensational hoax.

A circus train was damaged in St. Louis by a collision and a number of the animals made a break for liberty, and kept the inhabitants up in trees and on house tops until they were captured.

Mr. Cox, member of Parliament, failed to appear at the Finnis court, in answer to a summons for attending proclaimed meetings in County Clare, and a warrant for his arrest has been issued.

Gov. Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, Senator and Mrs. Payne were entertained at the suburban villa in Cleveland of W. J. Gordon, who is a distant relative of Gov. Gordon. The governor left for home in Georgia last night.

The National Dairy convention elected officers as follows: President, Jonathan Bigelow, Massachusetts; first vice-president, P. C. Potter, Minnesota; secretary, R. M. Littler, Iowa. Each state will select its own vice-president hereafter.

A crowd of boys placed several large stones and a couple of logs on the tracks of the Vine street cable road, Cincinnati. One No. 54 was the first to reach the obstruction, but no damage was done. One of the crowd, J. H. Miller, has been arrested.

Hog cholera has become epidemic in the portion of West Virginia opposite Wellsville, Ohio. Farmers are excited over the progress of the scourge. Hogs are dying at a rapid rate, and all efforts to check the plague are ineffective. Many of the farmers have lost from 20 to 50 head. The total loss so far in one small community is over 500 hogs.

The English government is resolved to prosecute all persons who took part in the midnight meeting at Woodford on Sunday, October 16, at which the proclamation of the lord lieutenant forbidding the meeting, was disregarded. Among those to be prosecuted are James Rowland, L. P. Gill and David Sheehy, members of Parliament, and Mr. Dennehy, secretary to the lord mayor of Dublin.

The sheriff of Cook county, Ill., has already begun building the scaffold on which to hang the anarchists. Carpenters were busy all afternoon, working on pieces which go to make up the machine of death. It will not be long before the gallows will be ready. This is regarded in some quarters as significant of Mr. Matson's belief that the governor will not interfere.

Yesterday was the time fixed for the strikers on the Louisiana plantations to choose between returning to work and leaving the plantations. Some of them returned to work, others left. Every mill in the Pausse Point country is running, planters show no disposition to take part in the strike. News comes from the interior and west that all is working smoothly.

The cattle convention at Kansas City has adjourned. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. A. Towers; vice presidents, Elmer Washburne, H. E. Alvord, A. Ames; secretary, H. H. Sanders; treasurer, J. Clay, jr.; executive committee, J. T. Brush, Tho. B. Wales, Granville Stuart, A. Carr, Thos. Sturgis, Steven Stevens, Isaac Ehrly, T. L. Alexander, James Pallentine, W. M. Liggett, W. A. Paxton, L. N. Bonham, Thos. B. Price, Geo. M. Simpson, L. K. Scofield.

A statement prepared at the Treasury department shows that during October there was a net increase of $13,502,059 in the circulation and a net increase of $14,240,514 in cash in the treasury. The total circulation November 1 is stated at $1,366,512,319 and the total cash in treasury at $205,580,003. The principal increase in circulation is in silver certificates, U. S. notes and standard silver dollars in the order named. The principal increase in the cash is in gold bullion, gold certificates, national bank notes, standard silver dollars in the order named.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year by the Woman Suffrage association at Philadelphia: President, Hon. William Dudley Foulke, Indiana; vice-presidents, Mary A. Livermore, Massachusetts; Hon. George Wm. Curtis, New York; Hon. G. F. Hoar, Massachusetts; Mrs. H. M. Tracy, Cutler, Illinois; Deborah C. King, Nebraska; Major C. K. Hudson, Kansas; Rebecca M. Hazzard, Missouri; Martha A. Parsons, Minnesota; H. B. Clay, Kentucky; Mary S. Knaggs, Michigan; Mrs. Mary J. Cogeshall, Iowa.

A conference of ministers, representing the progressive tendencies in theology, was held in Yale, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Dr. Lyman and David Swing, of that city, were prime movers in the matter. The officers of the alliance are: Prof. David Swing, president; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, vice-president; Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, secretary. An executive committee of five was elected, consisting of Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago; Dr. J. G. Townsend, Jamestown, N. Y.; Rev. David Utter, Rev. Charles Conklin, Chicago; Rev. A. N. Alcott, Elgin.

STEEL RAILS.

The Alarm Exhibited is Unwarranted Say The Manufacturers.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8.—The large steel rail manufacturers here state that there is a great deal of unnecessary alarm about the steel trade. The cause of this alarm it is said to be simply because several of the presidents of large railway companies have not put in their orders. Notably among these is President Roberts, of the Penna company, who always has in his order for 50,000 tons at this time of the year; and because he has not given his order other railway managers who always wait for him to move, have also failed to put in their orders and this has served to increase the alarm.

The general feeling is there is no occasion for alarm and that at the present price of rails in this country there is no danger of competition from foreign makers.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Danger Points Weathered and Business Moving Along Nicely.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, says: Notwithstanding the slow collections in many quarters and some failures of an unpleasant significance prevalent, the feeling is that the most serious points of danger have been weathered; that trade, and the industries, have been warned in season to check unsafe expansion. The volume of business continues large whether judged by reports from many centers, by bank exchanges outside of New York, (which exceed last year's by about 13 per cent.) or by railroad tonnage which results in an increase of about 12 per cent. over last year in reported earnings.

In spite of the increase of $13,000,000 in currency in the circulation during October, following an increase of $34,000,000 in September, prices do not advance much.

Stocks, after some days of recovery, show hesitation again, with evidence that some foreign holders are realizing.

Wheat exports continue large for the week; corn, 3½c; oats, ½c; coffee and lard, ¼c each, and cotton 1-16; beef falls to an average of $4.15, and hogs are 10c lower; oil has been lifted 3c by the combination to shut down; sugar a shade by reports regarding the trust, and tin and copper by speculative operations in the nature of "corners;" wool is still in buyers favor.

A borax trust is expected to raise prices. Rice reports are contradictory, and buyers hold off in sugar. The demand is lacking in tea and irregular in coffee, and spice dealers require patience.

In general, better prices appear only where there are effective trade combinations. The long hesitation in the steel rail market is broken by lower prices, sales for Northwestern and New England delivery having been made on a basis of $32, at the mill.

Pig iron is weaker at Pittsburg, and offers of No. 1 Southern, at $20, are reported here.

Bar iron is not so strong, as the architectural demand slackens. Nails are dull, and the signs indicate some shrinkage in the consumption, just as the new works are about to increase the output largely.

Nor is improvement seen in woolen manufactures. Money is still rather close at Detroit and Kansas City, but at most points it is easier, or in ample supply, though collections are inconsistently slow at some places where currency is abundant.

Both Eastern and Western manufacturers, in many branches, find the demand less than was expected, and alike in Eastern and Western cities narrow profits in trade are reported.

The business failures during the last seven days number for the United States, 225; Canada, 20; total, 245; against 216 last week and 186 for the same time of last year. The increase is noticeable this week in the Western and Southern cities.

THE "ARBEITER ZEITUNG."

It Continues Its Railings Against the Rulings of the American Courts.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the organ of the anarchists, to-day had a long editorial on the action of the Supreme court, in which it says:

The request of our eight comrades for a writ of error has been refused by the federal supreme court. For a hundred years the United States enjoyed the reputation of being a free country.

Up to a short time ago such a reputation was certainly most justifiable. But lately a few possessors of the colossal riches produced by the common people usurped a criminal power to pervert and to trample under foot the laws created by the fathers of this republic in good faith and a progressive spirit.

They splatter with mud the name of the republic. The Supreme court at Washington, the general imperial courts at Leipsig, and the martial courts at St. Petersburg stand on the same level.

The justice which is being distributed under the auspices of Jay Gould, Vanderbilt et al wears not only a bandage over her eyes but also a watchward on her breast, which reads: "The public be d——."

Indiana Woman Suffragists.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 5.—A State Woman's Suffrage convention was held here yesterday afternoon, and night, being the first of a series to be held in the various districts. Several women of nation reputation as advocates of the cause are in attendance. Temperance is also an object. The convention will be continued to-day.

ANARCHISTS MUST HANG.

Friday November 11 is the Day When They Pay the Penalty of their Awful Crimes—Lively times Expected in Chicago.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The decision of the U. S. Supreme Court upon the petition for a writ of error in the case of the Chicago anarchists was announced this afternoon by Chief Justice Waite in a long and carefully prepared opinion which occupied thirty-five minutes in the reading.

The court holds in brief,

First—That the first 10 amendments to the Constitution are limitation upon federal and not upon state action.

Second—That the jury laws of Illinois is upon its face valid and constitutional, and that it is similar in its provisions to the statue of Utah which was sustained in this court in the case of Haet vs. the Territory of Utah.

Third—That it does not appear in the record that upon the evidence the trial court should have declared the juror Santord incompetent.

Fourth—That the objection to the admission of the Johann Most's letter and the cross examination of Spies, which counsel for the prisoners maintained, virtually compelled them to testify against themselves, were not objected to in the trial court and that therefore no foundation was laid for the exercise of this court's jurisdiction; and

Fifth—That the question raised by Gen. Butler, in the cases of Spies and Fielden upon the basis of their foreign nationality, were neither raised nor decided in the state courts, and therefore cannot be considered here.

The writ of error prayed for must consequently be denied.

The decision was unanimous.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

Spies, Schwab and Fielding Are Very Sorry Anybody Was Foolish Enough to be Influenced by Them.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—[Press.]—The following addressed to Gov. Oglesby is given out for publication. It is understood that Parsons acquiesces in its contents:

CHICAGO, Nov. 3, 1887.

Gov. Richard Oglesby, Springfield, Ill.:

SIR:—In order that the truth may be known by you, we, your petitioners, request, we desire to state that we never advocated the use of force, except in case of self-defense. To accuse us of having attempted to overthrow law and government on May 4, 1886, or at any other time is as false as it is absurd.

While we have attacked the present social arrangements in writing and speech and exposed their iniquities, we have never consciously broken any laws.

We believe it to be our duty as friends of labor and liberty to oppose any other use of force than in the necessary defense of sacred rights against unlawful attacks. All our efforts have been in the direction of elevating mankind, to remove as much as possible the cause of crime in society.

We may have erred at times in our judgment, yes, we may have "loved mankind not wisely, but too well." In the excitement of propagating our views we were led into expressions which caused workingmen to think that aggressive forces was the proper instruments of reform, we regret it.

We deplore the loss of life at the Haymarket; also at McCormick's, at East St. Louis and at the Chicago stock yards.

Very respectfully,
A. SPIES,
MICHAEL SCHWAB,
SAMUEL FIELDEN.

BOMBS IN THE CELLS.

Four of the Infernal Machines Found Secreted in the Jail.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—[Special wire.]—The scheme to furnish Lingg with the bombs which were discovered in his cell yesterday, was evidently carefully thought out by some of his co-partners in crime on the outside.

Several days ago a fancy soap box was brought to the jail and just now in the heat of the excitement the officials say they cannot remember who delivered it.

They may know who it was, but if they do, they will not say so until they have made some arrests.

The box was a harmless-looking thing and it was handled by the deputy in the rough manner jail officials usually do those things.

A hasty examination disclosed the fact that to all appearances it contained nothing more than a few delicacies, for which even such a "human tiger" as Lingg has a liking.

They would have remained in ignorance of any danger had not the raid been made on Lingg's cell.

It was then that the insignificant looking soap box was found to have a false bottom, and it was underneath it that the four bonds had smuggled into the jail. They were not large, and jail officials think they were intended for some particular purpose.

THE STRONGEST KIND OF DYNAMITE.

Sheriff Matson said this morning that there was no doubt as to the nature of the stuff in Lingg's bombs; that part of the filling had been taken out of a couple of pipes and exploded, and that it had been found to be the strongest kind of dynamite.

The amnesty people have their tables on the streets again this morning, but there seems to be less disposition on the part of the crowd to sign the petitions than on Saturday, and but few names are being secured.

The sheriff said finally:

I might as well tell you that it is known to be dynamite. Capt. Schaack opened one of the bombs last night and took off a small portion of the contents. He exploded it and found it to be very powerful. An analysis is being made and I expect it will receive the report to-day.

When it is secured I will not hesitate to make it public.

After the sheriff disappeared, the military form of Inspector Bonfield appeared. He said he was disgusted and looked at it.

But it was disgust which showed itself plainly in his flashing eyes. "I am disgusted," he said, "at the cowardice of men who, although prominent, have no strength of mind and who knock each other down in an effort to get to the front and sign petitions through fear that their property will be lost to them in case of a hanging."

"Don't you believe that the finding of bombs will produce a revulsion in the breasts of sympathetic petitioners?" he asked.

"I do not. It will only cause the people to sign the petitions the faster. I tell you when people get scared you can expect them to do almost anything. I don't believe one of them will be hung, but all will go down to the penitentiary.

"It's a shame that when such men are found guilty there should be so many cowards to pray for a commutation of sentence."

Louis Lingg is defiant and sullen this morning. He put on his oldest suit of clothes, a pair of gray corduroy trousers and a black jacket, put his feet upon a little iron cot and began to read a paper. His cell is on the lower tier, and looks out upon the examining cage. The reporters may observe him at a distance of eight feet.

Lingg was restless, and every few moments he would jerk his head around and stare through the grated door with a wild look. Presently he got up, planted himself in front of the cell door, thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked straight before him upon the contracted field of his vision.

He saw nothing but the watchful reporters and suspicious muscular bailiffs.

He was nervous. He would lean against the wall, sit down, get up, put his elbows on the cross bars of his cell and rest his face on his hands. A favorite attitude was to stand firmly erect, fold his arms over his bread chest and gaze out bristling and ferocious.

None of the seven were let out of their cells, and the jailor says they wont be to-day.

Mrs. Schwab, Mrs. Engel and Mrs. Parsons came to see their husbands but the best they could do was to call out "good morning," and send up some papers. No packages of any sort were allowed to go in.

Nina Van Zandt was there. "Good morning" she called to Spies. "Good morning," he returned, and that was the end of the dialogue between them.

She wrote a note which the jailor read and sent up to Spies. All the mail was broken and examined this morning. For the first time since imprisonment, and telegrams were torn open and read.

All private communication with their friends is stopped, and will continue to be until they are in execution—if that comes.

Capt. Black and Alexis Soloman came to the jail at 10 o'clock. Black had only stepped into the office when the jailer took him into his private room and talked earnestly to him.

Black talked with each of his clients at their cell doors. "Will the finding of these bombs in Lingg's cell change any of the plans of the defense, Mr. Soloman?"

"No. We will go right ahead with the petitions and ask clemency for Lingg, and go to Springfield Tuesday, as already arranged."

ELEVEN MORE BOMBS.

The Police Make a Startling Discovery in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—(Press.)—It is reported that the police have discovered eleven dynamite bombs which were secreted in the house of an anarchist near the gas works on West Division street. The police were working on the case all day yesterday and have kept their discovery quiet.

ENGEL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

One of the Condemned Men Found in a Dying Condition.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—[Press.]—Not the least remarkable phase of the bomb discovery is that it came about from the fact that Anarchist Engel attempted suicide by taking an ounce of laudanum. About 11:20 o'clock Emil Zoener, who is on the night death watch, passed Engel's cell, and was attracted by groans coming from within.

On stopping to inquire the cause he found Engel breathing heavily and lying prostrate on his back. He called him by name, but received no answer, and on opening the cell door discovered that the man was unconscious and suffering from the effects of some stupefying drug.

After repeated attempts to awaken the sleeping man Zoener became alarmed and decided to call in Dr. Gray from the insane ward in the same building. Dr. Gray was sent for immediately.

On going to Engel's cell the doctor soon discovered that Engel was suffering from poison. His eyes were dilated and rolled spasmodically. Dr. Gray at once commenced active work on his patient.

As soon as Engel came to his senses he raved and cursed at being disturbed in his sleep, and asked the reason of his being awakened. He protested that he had only drank a little whisky and was all right. His condition and susequent events showed that Engel was deliberately lying, and that in the face of death.

He was at once forced to take emetics and kept constantly walking for an hour, until all danger had passed. From that time on the surveillance over him was not relaxed for an instant. The attempted suicide of Engel is what led to the search of the cells in the morning. Besides the discovery of explosives among the effects of Lingg, there was found in Engel's cell the bottle from which he had taken the laudanum.

It was concealed in the urinal. Three or four drops of laudanum still remained in the bottle, and Engel was confronted with the evidence of his intended suicide. He continued to deny, but at last sullenly admitted the truth of the accusation.

ANOTHER LOADED BOMB,

With Fuse Attached, Found Near a Voting Place in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—A loaded dynamite bomb was found this morning on West Van Buren street, not far from a polling place, where voting was in progress.

The bomb was made out of a large gas pipe, and was eight inches long.

The ends were closed with iron tops screwed firmly on. The fuse was attached at the center of the bomb.

GUARDING CHICAGO.

The Water-Works, Fire-alarm System and Public Buildings Patrolled.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—There is scarcely a piece of property in Chicago belonging to the city that is not guarded. Reserve details of officers are ready for action, and from every station-house in the city an extra force is ready to depart for the scene of any trouble at a moment's notice. The officers are not allowed to go home, but are fed in their respective stations. Drill-master Fitzpatrick is training the men in the use of the rifle. Companies F and K, 6th United States infantry, from Fort Douglass, Utah, will be in the city to-night and will be in readiness for any outbreak. There are 85 men in the two companies. The city hall is well guarded by a half-dozen policemen, and the innocent-looking men who walk slowly around the city and county buildings are Chief Steele's detectives. The fire-alarm telegraph office in the city hall, which if disabled would leave the city almost at the mercy of the infuriated mob, is well protected by a squad of detectives. As a result of a conference between the mayor and sheriff the outside shutters of the Criminal court building have been closed and barred, and the heavy iron doors at the Michigan street entrance have been ordered shut and barred, and the guards have been added to, and no one will be allowed inside the building without a written order from the sheriff.

Chief Ebersold said this morning that he was not going to reveal his plans to protect the city and citizens. "I don't believe in putting a club into the enemy's hands by telling him through the press where such and such a company of officers is stationed and what suspicious localities are being watched," said the chief. "No, sir; but we are doing all that is possible for us to do, and where protection is needed there the officers will be. Now, if the papers go to work, find out and tell the anarchists where all my officers are, I can't help it, but it will place the department at a great disadvantage. I prefer to operate in the dark."

The drill-guard at the top of the Criminal court building was swelled by an additional company of twenty officers, this morning, and Lieut. Fitzpatrick will be busy until after the trial in putting them through the manual of arms.

The United States troops, who are to occupy the new government building, arrived at 8:45 this morning and proceeded to Highwood.

A LAST GOOD-BYE.

Mrs. Parsons Bids Adieu to Her Husband in the Jail.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The dark-skinned wife of Anarchist Parsons has at last abandoned hope. Last evening she said: "My husband is dead to me, and I return home to my children to mourn for him. I spoke good-bye to him for the last time yesterday afternoon, for I will never cross the threshold of the jail again, to be insulted and humiliated.

"The other women can go there and grovel before the men who turned us out, but I will never go until I can sit at the side of my husband and talk with him without an infamous guard at my side. I want to live with the picture of my husband in a dungeon before my eyes. That will give me strength to bring up two revolutionists.

"The four men who will not belie their manhoood are kept in dark dungeons because they will not sign the petitions. Mr. Parsons will never sign any begging appeal. He will die, and I hope they will make a clean sweep of it and hang the whole seven. Let them hang them all, and let the men who cry for blood have all they want of it. The blood of my husband be upon them."

A special from St. Paul says: H. T. Sanford, the juror who sat in the anarchist trial, and who, though threatened with death on the day of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists, nevertheless expressed a purpose to go to Chicago and witness the execution of the condemned men, has received a letter from States Attorney Grinnell, of Chicago, advising him not to go, as his life would certainly be in danger.

WANT THEM EXECUTED.

Another Change of Sentiment, Doubtless Caused by the Bombs.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 8.—Over 250 letters and petitions were received by Governor Oglesby this morning, in reference to the anarchist case, far the greater portion being as usual from Chicago.

It is asserted with confidence that contrary to the rules heretofore, the proportion of demands for execution were greatly in excess of the requests for clemency.

This change of sentiment has undoubtedly been occasioned by the finding of the bombs in Lingg's cell.

A state house rumor says that two more threatening letters were received by the governor this morning, and, according to the invariable custom, were promptly consigned to the flames. Gov. Oglesby seems a great deal less affected by these threatening letters than are his friends here in Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 8.—At 1:30 a. m., a caucus was held at the St. Nicholas hotel by the United Labor delegation and a line of action agreed upon. After considerable discussion it was decided not to wait on Gov. Oglesby until to-morrow.

MEXICAN IMPORTS.

Silver Ore Coming at the Rate of Nearly 200 Tons Per Day.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 4.—[Special wire.]—The importation of silver ore from Mexico at this point during October, was 5,267 tons, valued at $265,808. This gives an average of 176 tons per day, and an average value of $50 per ton. The average is higher by 30 tons per day than in any preceding month, but the ore is of a higher grade than usual.

The importation of silver bullion during October was $190,457; silver coin, $729,-169; gold bullion, 9,656; gold coin, $100,-522.

The total importation of grades during the last four months was 317,850 pounds, valued by the customs officials uniformly, at two cents per pound, making a total value of $6,347. Importations during the season of 1886, was 203,100 pounds.

Sawyer's Veto.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 5.—Gov. Sawyer sent to the House this morning his veto of the bill entitled "An act regulating freights and fares on railroads, and to provide for compensation to dissenting stockholders in case of railroad leases."

The original bill, to regulate fare and freights, he says, would have met with his approval, but the meritorious part of the present bill is made a vehicle to carry legislation, which in substance re-enacts the Hazen bill, already vetoed.

In the House a motion to lay Gov. Sawyer's veto on the table, was voted on, but found no quorum present. In the Senate a motion to pass a bill authorizing the Boston & Lowell, or Boston & Maine to lease the Northern railroad, over the governor's veto was lost. At 11 o'clock the governor adjourned the legislature.

CABINET CHANGES.

Conjectures as to What Lamar's Leaving will Cause.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Much speculation is being indulged in here with regard to cabinet changes which may be the outcome of Secretary Lamar's appointment to the Supreme bench.

It has been intimated that Postmaster General Vilas will leave the Postoffice department to assume the Interior portfolio, and Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson is spoken of as his successor.

There is probably no foundation to this rumor. Mr. Vilas said yesterday, in language more forcible than elegant, that the stories printed relative to this change were the purest guess work. "If I were to disclose anything that I might know with regard to the President's intentions," he said, "I would deserve to be dismissed from his Cabinet. I am free to say, however, that these reports are idle speculations based on nothing."

A prominent official of the Interior department said: "Secretary Lamar will go upon the Supreme bench in the course of a few weeks. Of that there can be no doubt.

The President recently said in, addressing a delegation of politicians who had called to press the claims of a well known Democrat for the position that the newspapers had already decided the matter for him, and that he was willing in this case to abide by their decision. It is accepted as a settled fact in this Department that Secretary Lamar is soon to resign and plans are being made accordingly. Of course the question of his successor is an absorbing one, but it is generally believed that the President will not choose an outsider at this juncture. I have noticed the rumors with regard to Col. Vilas, but took no stock in them. He is congenially located where he is, and could not hope to add to his reputation in a single year in this department.

"Assistant Secretary Muldrow will unquestionably selected as Mr. Lamar's successor. Thirty-six by with the work of the several branches of this great office, tireless industry and his entire accord with the present administration of the department eminently fit him to carry on the reforms which Secretary Lamar has inaugurated. He has labored faithfully to add to the credit of his chief, and it would be a very graceful act for Mr. Lamar to urge upon the President the desirability of this appointment. I know that Mr. Lamar expects the President will tender the promotion to Mr. Muldrow."

Interior department officials are of the opinion that J. D. G. Hawkins, the present second assistant, will be given the vacancy occasioned by the elevation of Mr. Muldrow to the secretaryship.

There is a well organized movement among Indiana politicians, however, to urge upon the President the appointment of Assistant Land Commissioner Stockslager as First Assistant Secretary. A gentleman from that state said to-day:

"I believe that the President expects to appoint an outsider to the place. This will be a very unwise move for the reason that a new man could be nothing but a figurehead in that position for a year to come and would seriously embarrass the work of the department. Mr. Stockslager is thoroughly acquainted with the land question, which constitutes the most important work out of office, and of the general affairs of the department.

CALL HIM HOME.

The Canadian Press Denounce Chamberlain, and Claim There is no Chance for a Satisfactory Settlement.

TORONTO, Nov. 3.—The *Globe* again refers to Mr. Chamberlain's appointment this morning, and in a strongly-worded editorial article says:

Let British journals rub their eyes again and wake up to the necessities of the situation. Mr. Chamberlain must be recalled. There is no ought or should in the case. The imperative is required, and Canadians are entitled to employ it. He must be recalled. Let the British understand that their own interests are largely involved in the result of the impending negotiations. Should the commissioners fail to reach a settlement, should the Senate burke an agreement, nothing can be more certain that war between Great Britain and the United States can be avoided only by Great Britain abandoning Canada in a way that will forever disgrace the British name.

Do Britons know that the United States Congress has already passed an act to cut off every commercial exchange with Canada? Do they know that Congress has urged the administration to enforce that act? Are they aware that a very large proportion of the American journals are feebly virulent at the President because he has not resorted to retaliation? Do they comprehend that he can have no option but to employ the act if the negotiations fail or if the agreement be disallowed in the Senate? If Mr. Cleveland does employ it, what then? We do not act as alarmists in declaring that a war with Great Britain has long been feared more than any other possible war that will probably occur. To avoid it requires promptness and firm treatment, there is but one way.

Mr. Chamberlain is the sole cause that the outlook is dark. Before his appointment, it was bright enough. It was bright until he wantonly canvassed the situation. It has gloomly because he has rendered the best method of settlement difficult to propose or discuss, and because he has made himself hateful on this continent. Without distinction of origin Americans resented his insolent attack upon those fellow-citizens whose royalty rang true, by the most terrible of tests, when hundreds of thousands of sons of Irish mothers faced death in battle for the Republic.

It is useless to found smooth policies upon the hope that Mr. Chamberlain's principles can escape the consequences of the hostility that he has aroused. If they do not recall him they take this responsibility for him. If they do not recall him it can be only because they are full of sympathy for him. His own rash insolence has brought him into trouble, and he alone should be the victim. Surely it is better that he had by his utterances raised a hornet's nest about him.

Blake is considered the ablest statesman in the dominion parliament, and as an orator has no equal here.

Recognizing his ability, Gladstone has frequently urged his entering the British Parliament, assuring him that a constituency would be found for him, and the fact that he has now taken the stump in Ireland for Home-Rule and in the interests of the British Liberal party, gives weight to the opinion expressed by many of his personal friends here that he will shortly enter the English House of Commons.

He possesses an independent fortune and would make little or no sacrifice in making England his home.

Judge Berry Dead.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 8.—Judge John M. Berry, of the Supreme court of Minnesota, died this morning.

SOLD FOR WHISKY.

A Father Trades Off His Daughters to the Indians—Their Attempt to Escape.

OTTAWA, Nov. 2.—[Special wire.]—While a Victoria schooner was lying at the wharf at Barclay Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, recently, the captain and crew were surprised to see two white girls running toward the vessel, closely pursued by three or four Indians. Reaching the side of the vessel the girls sprang on board, almost exhausted, and begged the captain to protect them from their pursuers.

The Indians were close upon them, and, jumping on the deck of the schooner, demanded the girls as their property, but the captain refused to give them up.

After parleying with the captain for a short time they took their departure, only to return largely reinforced.

The captain then surrendered the girls for fear of his life.

It has since been learned by the government of British Columbia, which is to demand the release of the girls, that they are daughters of William Thompson, formerly of Victoria, who with his wife and four daughters moved to San Juan, on the west coast, three years ago, and took up his home near an Indian camp.

Since that time until now nothing has been heard of them. After moving to San Juan the father became dissipated, and all he earned went for the purchase of liquor.

When he could no longer obtain money or liquor, he sold his eldest daughter to a wealthy Chinaman, to whom, it is said, she was married at the point of a revolver.

His wife died of a broken heart, and in one of his revelries at the Indian camp, it is alleged, he agreed to barter two of his daughters for a few blankets, clothing and whisky.

The bargain was made, and for the purpose of carrying it out Thompson's hut was visited the following night by a few of the tribe who easily carried away the helpless victims.

Since their captivity the girls have been subjected to the most brutal treatment. A younger sister, only 8 years old, was sold to another tribe of Indians. The light-housekeeper at Race Rocks light has within a few days seen a young white girl in a canoe paddled by Indians, pass the lighthouse.

BLAKE IN IRELAND.

The Acknowledged Leader of the Canadian Opposition Stirring Up a Hornet's Nest Across the Deep.

OTTAWA, Nov. 4.—Excitement was intense here last night over the report that Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the opposition in the dominion parliament, had been arrested in Ireland, for condemning in a speech delivered at Glen Sherrold, the eviction of Irish tenants, which, he held, were shameful in every detail.

A cablegram was received later, stating that Blake had not been arrested, but that he had by his utterances raised a hornet's nest about him.

Blake is considered the ablest statesman in the dominion parliament, and as an orator has no equal here.

Recognizing his ability, Gladstone has frequently urged his entering the British Parliament, assuring him that a constituency would be found for him, and the fact that he has now taken the stump in Ireland for Home-Rule and in the interests of the British Liberal party, gives weight to the opinion expressed by many of his personal friends here that he will shortly enter the English House of Commons.

He possesses an independent fortune and would make little or no sacrifice in making England his home.

Judge Berry Dead.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 8.—Judge John M. Berry, of the Supreme court of Minnesota, died this morning.

HE THREW A BOMB.

A Statement of the Friend of a Dead Man in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 4.—Yesterday Thos. Owens, an unpretentious carpenter at work on a house at Homestead, fell from the roof of the building and broke his neck. Squire Oeffner was deputized to hold an inquest, and to-day made a report of his investigation.

Owens, the deceased, it appears, came to this city about one year ago, some two or three days after the Haymarket riot at Chicago, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, representing himself to be a carpenter out of a job.

He at once secured work at Homestead with J. R. Mullet, and for the last year has been working steadily along side of a man named Piper, or Pfeiffer, also a carpenter.

When Owens first began work he said he had just came from Chicago, where he had brother living, and seemed nervous and startled at everything.

One day while Pfeiffer and Owens were at work an officer came to Homestead in search of a man on a charge of desertion.

Seeing Owens, and not knowing what his man looked like, the officer asked Mr. Mullet who Owens was, and was told, whereupon he went away.

The men at work heard that the officer had asked who Owens was, and out of mischief, told him that an officer had been after him.

He became very much excited, and went to Mr. Mullet at once, wanting what pay was due, and expressing a desire to get away from Homestead as soon as possible, but when assured that he was not the man the officer wanted, he went to work again seemingly contented.

This conducted interested Mr. Pfeiffer, who was rooming as well as working in his company, and at the first opportunity he began a systematic inquiry of Owens as to his cause of alarm.

In this conversation Pfeiffer yesterday swore before 'Squire Oeffner in the course of the inquest that Thomas Owens said: "I am very sorry for those anarchists in Chicago who are now in jail, charged with throwing the bombs at the Haymarket riot. There are others outside who are more to blame than they. I was at the Haymarket riot and I am an anarchist and say that I threw a bomb in that riot."

Pfeiffer was cautioned to keep the statement a secret and for that reason he did not tell the story until after the death of Owens.

The way the story happened to come out was that all the men employed on the building were standing around the 'squire's office, having been summoned there as witnesses in the Owens' inquest, and while there Pfeiffer and Mullet began talking of this story.

"I heard their remarks," said the 'squire to a reporter this morning, "and immediately called Pfeiffer to the stand, swore him, and although it had nothing to do with the case of Owen's death, yet under oath he told the story I have just related."

SWORD-BEARER SLAIN.

They Refuse to Make Peace and a Fight Ensues—The End of the Crow Uprising.

CROW AGENCY, M. T., Nov. 7.—The Crow Indian affair came to a head yesterday, resulting in the complete routing of the Indian forces. The Indians had a big council among themselves, and disclaimed any intentions to fight. General Ruger sent, about 10 a. m., James Campbell and Interpreter "Tobacco Jake" down to the Indian camp to learn their intentions. The invitation was responded to by about ten chief, with "Pretty Eagle" as spokesman.

Gen. Armstrong first spoke, telling them that he had been sent by the Great Father to settle the trouble with the Crows, but that they had been bad, and he had turned the matter over entirely to Gen. Ruger, who would deal with them as he saw fit. Pretty Eagle said: "We will give up 'Sword-Bearer,' but we cannot give up the others."

Gen. Ruger then said: "I want all of the seven been that fired into the agency building, and I will give them one hour and one-half to come in." He then told "Crazy Head" that he must bring his son, who was one of them, "Crazy Head" replied that they would go back to the camp and talk to "Sword-Bearer." Gen. Ruger said: "That is all I have to say." Campbell then returned to the Indian camp with the Indians, but returned shortly saying that a council was being held.

The troops were held in readiness, and the Indians were patiently watched by the command until the time was up. The Indians in the meantime had formed into a long line, and "Sword-Bearer" could be seen riding up and down haranguing them. To scarcely a shot was fired into the air. The time being up Gen. Ruger sent troops E and K down the valley on the left flank of the Indians, where they were met by about half of the Indians gathered in the war party, which numbered about 150.

A red hot skirmish then resulted in which Corporal Charles Thompson was killed, Private Eugene Malloy slightly wounded, and Private Clark thrown from his horse and his shoulder dislocated. They were all in troop K, commanded by Lieut. Edwards and Second Lieut. Byram. A running fight ensued, the Indians retreating, some to the peaceful gathering near the agency and the others crossing the river and talking to the hills.

Sword-Bearer made a final stand at the crossing of the Little Horn, about one mile below the agency, in which he and probably three of his followers were killed. This was the result of the skirmish fire of G troop, first cavalry, commanded by Capts. Ruhlan and Ilsley, tenant T. B. Alleshire. Sword-Bearer's body was brought into camp, but the other Indians are only reported dead.

Most of the Indians circled about and returned to the agency mixing with the other camps. There is now supposed to be from 20 to 50 loose in the hills. Several troops of calvary are now out close on their heels and they will probably soon be captured. There was about two hours of actual fighting.

MEXICAN BANDITS.

They Continue to Raid Into Texas Citizens Greatly Excited.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Nov. 5.—[Special wire.]—A reign of terror exists in the upriver border countries, between Edinburg and Roma, the result of the shocking depredations of Mexican bandits. Since the abduction of Senor Barara, whose friends had to pay $1,500 ransom, almost every merchant has received threatening letters, ordering payment of heavy sums, on penalty of abduction and torture.

The wealthy never travel without a heavy guard. The border sheriffs, who are poorly paid, are doing what they can with their deputies to hunt the robbers down, and a small force of rangers has been sent by Gov. Ross to Rio Grande city, but it is feared the whole force is not strong enough to round up the bandits in such a long extent of wild bottom and wooded country.

District Judge J. C. Russell, who is a large ranch owner in Starr county, acknowled that the civil authorities were unable to cope with the matter.

When the Havana ranch, in Hidalgo county, a place of about 500 inhabitants, surrounded the store of Magdilero Flores, drove the occupants out, and robbed the place of every bit of goods it contained.

Then they tore off doors, smashed the windows, and threatened to return and sack and burn every house in the place.

The band numbered 21 men. The day before another party of bandits, about 20 strong, attacked the Attasosca ranch on the San Juan river, a few miles above Camargo, Mexico, and sacked the placey abusing and outraging the people. They were pursued by Mexican cavalry unde, Capt. Lamadrido, and Plasuelas, a leader and another bandit were secured.

Plasuelas was executed at Camargo yesterday morning, and the other will suffer the same fate. Lamadrido, an active officer, has at his command all the men that he wants, and gets a step in rank for every bandit captured.

President Diaz has ordered that the severest measures be used to put down banditage on the border.

Gen. Velain, in command of this military district, is anxious to co-operate with the American authorities and drive out and eliminate these pests.

The state authorities of Tamaulipas are very lukewarm. Their party newspapers openly attack Velain for causing the capture of Lorenzo Vela, a noted bandit, and the murderer of Sheriff Martin, of Starr county, who was sent to the fortress San Juan de Ulloa of Vera Cruz, and are trying to excite a sentiment among the people in favor of the wretches and against the party of law and order.

Poison in Sausage.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 3.—Some 18 or 20 persons residing in Soho, a southeastern district of this city, were prostrated last night with symptoms of arsenical poison. No deaths have occurred, but a number of the victims are reported to be seriously ill. The matter is being investigated by the city health authorities. It was reported that the parties had purchased dried sausage or bologna, and that the sickness was caused by something in it.

The Supreme court of New York has decided that the United Labor, or Henry George party, is entitled to an insp